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CURRENCY.—MR. TOOKE'S LETTER TO LORD GRENVILLE.*

IF the name of Mr. Tooke affixed to a work of this nature were not of itself a sufficient recommendation, we should venture to point out the matter contained in the 'Letter to Lord Grenville' as peculiarly worthy of the attention of such of our readers as are led, by a sense of its national importance, to take an interest in a subject, the discussion of which affords so little of what, in common parlance, is termed amusement: nor, we are sure, will they deem any apology necessary for the extent of this article, especially at the present moment, when the happy settlement of a question which has long agitated and distracted the political world will, we hope, afford all parties more leisure, as well as more aptitude, for the calm and patient discussion of the numerous questions relating to the financial state of the country. Ever since the great fall of the prices of many commodities, especially of agricultural produce, which took place soon after the passing of the act, commonly called "Mr. Peel's Bill," under which the Bank of England resumed cash payments, a great number and variety of elaborate publications and long speeches have been continually addressed to the legislature and to the public, attributing to that measure effects upon the currency little short of a revolution in the property of the country. "In the discussion," says Mr. Tooke, "which took place in both Houses of Parliament, at the close of last session, on the Small Note Bill, and in the different pamphlets and articles of the periodical press which have appeared upon the subject of the currency, it seems to have been implicitly assumed, that Mr. Ricardo, and all those who with him maintained that the utmost operation of Mr. Peel's bill on the value of the currency could not exceed three or four per cent., have been manifestly wrong, for that the notorious effect of that bill had been to depress prices to an extent computed by the most moderate at not less than twenty-five per cent., but by the generality of persons at a much higher rate. Assertions to this effect have of late been repeated so often, and with so much confidence, while hardly any, or only

* A Letter to Lord Grenville on the Effects ascribed to the Resumption of Cash Payments on the Value of the Currency.—By Thomas Tooke, Esq., F.R.S. Murray. 1829.

a very feeble contradiction has been offered to them, that they seem to pass current and unquestioned as a part of our financial and commercial creed. These assertions, and the doctrines founded upon them, are calculated, while they remain uncontradicted and unrefuted, not only to falsify an important portion of the history of our monetary system, but to exercise a considerable and mischievous influence on the future proceedings of the legislature regarding the currency."

The holders of these opinions have in consequence been continually calling upon the legislature to repair the evil they had produced. To give a detailed account of the various nostrums proposed by these gentlemen would be foreign to our present purpose, as it is not the remedy for the disorder, but its presence, which is the point in dispute; and our attention for the present must be directed to the enquiry as to the accuracy of the arguments, by which certain symptoms are, by the different writers upon this question, held to be conclusive or fallacious in proving the existence of the disease. Thus much we may, perhaps, be allowed to observe, that if a revolution in the value of property really was produced in 1820, to the extent contended for, by an alteration of the value of the currency, as much injustice would be done, and as much confusion produced by another alteration of the standard in 1830, as by that which it is contended was effected by Mr. Peel's bill.

The question as to the amount of the alteration in the exchangeable value of money, or, as it is sometimes called, the amount of the depreciation of the circulating medium during the Bank restriction, we have always considered as set at rest by the admirable writings of Mr. Ricardo upon the subject of currency, particularly by that entitled 'The High Price of Bullion, a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes;' a re-perusal of which we have always found amply sufficient to convince us of the unsoundness of the opinions to which we have just now adverted, and to confirm us in our conviction of the soundness of the doctrine maintained both in the writings and speeches of that most eminent political economist, that the difference between the market and mint price of gold, during the Bank restriction, was an accurate measure of the depreciation of the circulating medium during that period. At the time Mr. Ricardo wrote, he had to contend with adversaries who denied the existence of any depreciation, and their objections to the accuracy of the test he proposed for ascertaining the value of the circulating medium he successfully refuted. His conclusions have been since assailed by the advocates of opinions the very opposite to those which were held by his former opponents—persons who with him would admit the depreciation of the currency, but would carry the amount of that depreciation far beyond the limits which his test would assign to it. The accuracy of this test they impugn, by the production of certain facts which, they maintain, if true, are inconsistent with its validity. The same course was pursued by those who attacked his theory during the discussion which preceded the resumption of cash payments. As may be supposed, the facts of the two parties of assailants are diametrically opposed to each other; their mode of attack is the same—it is what they are pleased to call arguing practically, or from experience, in preference to arguing theoretically. Their method of argument has indeed the

merit of being easy; and if that be a merit in their eyes, it certainly has the merit of being the very reverse of theoretical.

Theory is the deduction of a few inferences from a multitude of facts; every conclusion being supported by inferences from every fact which bears upon it. In the "practical" method (we give it this name, because we do not know what to call it, and it is not worth the invention of a word,) the inferences and conclusions are the multitude, the facts are few and far between.

The facts upon which the ultra-depreciationists (we beg their pardons for giving them such a queer name, but, once for all, it will save us much circumlocution) support their theory, are 1st, The low amount of bullion in the coffers of the Bank during the restriction; 2ndly, the state of prices of a great variety of commodities, at various periods before and during the restriction, and after the enactment of Mr. Peel's bill; 3rdly, The amount of the issues of the Bank of England.

The inferences drawn from the first of these, viz. the state of the coffers of the Bank, include the only one, in our opinion, which has any importance. It is admitted that gold, during the Bank restriction, being no longer used as circulating medium, became a mere commodity. The variations then of the price of gold, occasioned by an excess of the currency, were liable to be counteracted, or enhanced, like those of any other commodity, by intrinsic causes of fluctuation—causes existing in the state of the demand and supply of the precious metals. A vast quantity of gold is alleged by the ultra-depreciationists, to have been thrown upon the bullion market of the world, by the adoption of an inconvertible paper currency in this country; and of this a corresponding depression in the exchangeable value of the precious metals was the natural result. Hence the depreciation of our circulating medium was to be measured from a much lower standard price than that which was in use previous to the Bank restriction. We confess we never attributed much importance even to this point; and were, at the time it was first started, fully satisfied with the arguments by which Mr. Tooke, in a former work, (to which, in the course of this article, we shall have frequent occasion to refer,) combated the facts and reasonings by which it was attempted to prove a general diminution of the exchangeable value of bullion during the twenty years succeeding the year 1797. Mr. Tooke, in his present pamphlet, alludes to these arguments contained in his former work, which he conceives to be "either little known, or not deemed to be conclusive." We suspect the former to be the case; although, had it come from any one but the author himself, we should have entered our protest against the use of the expression "little known," as applied to the work on 'High and Low Prices;' that work, and the valuable matter it contains, are well known and appreciated by all those who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with the subject of currency. To those indeed, and they are a great majority, especially on subjects the investigation of which is attended with some trouble and difficulty, who take up their opinions without making themselves, in any degree, masters of the case, it *may be*, and, amongst that class, to those who have adopted

the ideas of the ultra-depreciationists it probably is "little known;" as it is not strange that the contents of a book should be unknown to those who habitually dread any research which leads them beyond the pages of a pamphlet, or a review. It is for this reason that we are glad that Mr. Tooke has taken the opportunity afforded him by the permission which he has obtained, to publish some facts hitherto unknown to the public, of reviving the subject and of directing the attention of the public to his former arguments. Mr. Tooke has published in his late pamphlet a Table delivered by the Bank to the committee in 1819; shewing the state of the cash and bullion in the coffers of the Bank, the amount of their discounts, advances to Government, and notes in circulation for each year during the period of the restriction. These accounts were granted by the Bank under a condition that they should not be made public; but ten years having elapsed since the period of its communication to the committee, the reasons, whatever they may have been, which induced the directors to withhold it from the public, seem to have vanished, and Mr. Tooke has obtained permission to publish it.

That part of the Table which shews the amount of bullion kept during the restriction in the coffers of the bank, taken in conjunction with a table of a similar nature in Mr. Tooke's pamphlet on the currency in 1825, tends materially to confirm the arguments of those who maintain that the quantity of the precious metals, which went, in consequence of the bank restriction, to swell the general circulation of the world, was much exaggerated. The bank directors seem by no means to have availed themselves, as has been supposed, of the power which the restriction gave them to liberate that portion of their capital, which, under the ordinary circumstances of liability to pay their notes in cash, they would have been obliged to keep in their coffers in the shape of bullion. On the contrary, the bank directors (for what reasons we know not) seem to have kept a very considerable stock of gold in their coffers during the whole period of the restriction. In the period of ten years succeeding the bank restriction, that is, from 1798 to 1808 inclusive, the average amount of bullion in the bank coffers was, it appears, about six millions, being nearly the same amount as in the period of ten years previous to 1797. In the period of five years next ensuing, that is from 1808 to 1812 both inclusive, the average was about five millions. In the next period of five years the average was about six millions. And the two remaining years, previous to the passing of Mr. Peel's act, exhibit a declining amount of treasure in the coffers of the bank, the amount in 1818 being about ten millions, and in 1819 about six.

Thus it appears that during the bank restriction no great addition can have been made to the stock of bullion in the markets of the world, from the quantity of gold set free from the coffers of the Bank of England. This tends materially to confirm the opinion stated in Mr. Tooke's former work, that a sum of from fourteen to fifteen millions is an ample allowance for the quantity of gold which went from this country to increase the mass of the precious metals in the rest of the world; and which, so far as it went, must have tended, *cæteris paribus*, to diminish their value. But, as Mr. Tooke justly observes, "other

things were not the same. For while, as a consequence of the bank restriction, about twelve or fifteen millions of our coin went abroad, there was, in consequence of the wars on the continent, which were, with few intervals, coincident with the period referred to, a great and unusual absorption of the metals, and particularly gold, in the treasures and military chests of the belligerent powers. It is probable that, at the same time, more of the metals than usual was hoarded by the inhabitants of those states of the continent which were either the seat of war, or which had issued paper to excess. There were likewise some periods of the war, particularly the interval between 1808 and 1813, when, by the violent anti-commercial decrees and regulations of the French government, there was great difficulty and danger attending the transmission of bills of exchange, and when, in fact, commercial operations, depending on credit, were nearly suspended. Such obstructions to circulation were equivalent to a diminution in the amount of the currency. So striking were these circumstances, both separately and collectively considered, that they were, by the great majority of those who at that time took a part in the discussions on this subject, appealed to as very much outweighing the effect of the quantity of gold rendered available for the purposes of the continent, by the substitution of paper in this country."—*High and Low Prices*, 2d edit. p. 23.

Thus, we think, has been successfully disposed of, the argument that "the banishment of the metals, gold principally, from the circulation of this country during the restriction, and the recent recall of them for the resumption, affected, in a considerable degree, the value of gold and silver in the commercial world, diminishing their value during the former, and increasing it in the latter period,"—by which argument it is endeavoured to prove that the depreciation of our currency was, during the restriction, much greater than that which was indicated by the price of gold.

Now, if this argument fails, we do not see what other inference can be drawn on either side of the question, from the state of the reserve of bullion in the coffers of the Bank during the restriction. The amount of that reserve, or its proportion to the issues of the Bank of England notes, proves just nothing—neither that amount, nor that proportion, is an element of calculation upon any method of estimating the depreciation of the circulating medium. With a circulating medium composed of paper convertible into specie, the consequence, indeed, of an excess of currency will be, that its notes will be returned upon the Bank in such quantities, as may draw every ounce of gold from its coffers, if a sufficient stock of bullion is not kept in reserve. But, as long as the paper of the Bank of England, constituting as it did during the restriction the circulating medium of the country, is not convertible into specie on demand—as long as it is not in the power of the holders of notes, or of the bullion merchants, to compel the issuers of paper money to give them gold for notes, or notes for gold—the persons in whose hands the regulation of the circulating medium is placed may keep their reserve of bullion in as large, or as small a proportion to the notes in circulation, as suits their fancy. During the restriction, the Bank directors, as appears by the evidence of some of their body before Parliamentary committees, by the speeches of their organs in

the House of Commons, and by the writings of the supporters of their views, did not profess to regulate their issues by any reference to the price of gold, but to be guided entirely by the applications at the Bank for discounts; this they maintain was the indication of the degree of demand for circulating medium. This, it is now admitted, (we believe universally,) was no criterion at all of the want or abundance of circulating medium; and it is therefore obvious that, following this blind guide, they might, if the market rate of discount had risen above their rate, have so diminished their issues, as to occasion a contraction of the circulating medium, sufficient to have sunk the price of gold below the standard, at a time when they might have disposed of every ounce of gold in their coffers; or had their rate of discount happened to be low, as compared with the market rate, the circulation might have been so glutted with their notes, as to raise gold far above the mint price, while at the same time, by buying at the market price, they could fill their coffers with bullion, and, protected by the restriction act, would have kept every ounce of it in their possession. That bullion, indeed, they would have bought at a high price; and in proportion to the height of the price would have been the nominal amount of the capital of the Bank, which they would have condemned to unproductive idleness. But, *à priori*, there is nothing to preclude us from the supposition of erroneous conduct in the management of the affairs of the Bank of England during the period of the restriction. And, in fact, such a course of conduct was actually pursued to a certain extent by the directors. Nothing, indeed, more fully confirms those opinions, which have been pretty generally prevalent ever since the time of the Bullion Committee, as to the complete and profound ignorance of the principles of currency which prevailed in the minds of the Bank directors of the period now under discussion, than the tables lately published by Mr. Tooke. In the first place, they appear to have imagined, somehow or other, that it was necessary for "the safety of their establishment" (they might as well have said "for the honour of the house") to have a large stock of bullion in their treasury; and, at a time when no one could demand from them an ounce of gold, to act in this respect as if they were issuing convertible paper. It may be said, as Mr. Tooke says for them, (we think somewhat hastily) that they acted in contemplation of a resumption of cash payments, but the rest of their conduct negatives such a supposition. It would appear singular to any one not acquainted with their truly peculiar method of managing their affairs, to be told that they regulated their reserve with a view to the resumption of cash payments, when it appears that their stock of bullion was always largest at the time when there was least fear of a run upon them for gold, had such an event happened, as the passing of an act similar to Mr. Peel's bill; and that the amount of the reserve was systematically smallest at the periods when, the currency being in its greatest excess, the occurrence of such an event as the resumption of cash payments would have sent every holder of one of their twenty-eight millions of depreciated notes to demand its full value in bullion at the Bank, upon the first intimation that he was entitled to do so. A most needless accumulation of treasure, if that accumulation was intended as a preparation for a resumption

of cash payments, took place at periods when the currency was least redundant, when the price of gold and the foreign exchanges indicated scarcely any depreciation; stores of gold were purchased and laid up in the Bank at a time when, had they resumed cash payments, little, if any, gold would have been demanded of them. In corroboration of this opinion, we may add, that when, under similar indications, the Bank did resume cash payments, no demand at all was made upon them for gold. The solution of this strange conduct appears to be simply this, that the Bank regulated, not their issues of notes, but their purchases of bullion, by the price of the precious metals—they bought gold only when it was below a certain price, that price being sometimes fixed by their resolutions considerably above the standard, or mint price, of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* We have already shewn, by reference to the tables, that the periods at which they increased their stores of treasure, were exactly the periods when those reserves of bullion were least required to meet a resumption of cash payments; and the periods at which those reserves ran lowest, were just those at which it behoved them to be best prepared, in case of a resumption, to stand a very considerable run upon them for gold.

Now it is easy to see that this is the necessary consequence of such a rule of conduct: for having affixed a maximum to the price at which they would purchase gold, the moment the currency arrived at a certain point of excess, gold rose above it, and they were forced by their own rule to discontinue purchasing it: their reserve consequently diminished. The reverse effect took place on a contraction of the currency; an influx of the precious metals into their coffers was then the result of their resolutions regarding the purchase of gold. Now if the idea of regulating their issues by keeping their circulation in a certain proportion to their reserve, had ever entered into their heads, (and it would have been fortunate if it had done so, for, as the amount of that reserve depended, under their rule, upon the price of bullion, their issues would have been effectually controlled,) they would either never have allowed the price of gold to remain above their maximum price for seven years, while their treasure was daily diminishing from the supplies of bullion which they afforded to government; or (if they were unaware that they had the remedy in their own hands) they would have felt and expressed alarm at such a state of things, which, had it continued, would have left their coffers absolutely empty, or obliged them to discontinue their supply of bullion to government. But the truth is, that the directors of the Bank of England had as little idea of regulating their issues by the price of gold, or amount of their reserve, as they had of the means by *which* they had it in their power to have lowered the former and increased the latter. They stoutly asserted that the currency was not in excess, that their notes were not depreciated. Mr. Vansittart moved, and the commons voted, that the contrary proposition was untrue—the depreciation (which existed, notwithstanding all these formidable authorities, and the omnipotence of parliament) might have continued—might have increased to any extent, but that the directors issued their notes and regulated their currency by a rule which made the supply of the circulating medium depend upon the number of applications for discounts at the bank,—in

other words, upon the rate of interest. Now as that rate fluctuates, and as the bank did not closely follow its fluctuations in the regulation of their rate of discounts, it is clear that, according as the bank discounted above the market rate, the circulation might have been reduced so as to enhance the value of the circulating medium to a very great degree, just as, in 1814, an excess of the circulating medium produced its greatest depreciation. Had the Bank directors regulated their issues by the barometer, they could hardly have chosen a more effectual method of securing a continual fluctuation in the value of their notes. The consideration of these circumstances puts an end to all surprise at the strange anomalies presented under this head in the table given by Mr. Tooke, in which it appears that the amount of the reserve in the bank, instead of varying directly as the amount of their notes and the price of gold, during the greatest portion of the time of the restriction, ran low as the amount of their notes increased, and as the price of gold rose. We cannot then agree with Mr. Tooke in the following inference which he draws from the table: "That the Bank directors did, during that long interval, regulate their issues with a pretty constant reference to their eventual liability to pay in specie; for what other possible motive could they have for keeping so large a part of their capital in an unproductive state?"—(*Letter to Lord Greyville*, p. 47.) We think we have shewn that their reserves were so managed as to negative the assumption that they were kept with a view to a resumption of cash payments; that their occasional high amount was the result of a comparatively low price of gold, a price which the Bank directors had no voluntary share in occasioning; and, moreover, that the general conduct of the persons who managed the affairs of the Bank, does not make it absolutely incumbent upon him or upon us, as Mr. Tooke implies by the latter part of the sentence, to give a substantial reason for their acts.

We now come to the second argument advanced by those who have contended against Mr. Ricardo's estimate of the depreciation of the currency. That argument rests upon a rise asserted to have taken place in the price of commodities subsequently to the restriction, and to have continued until the resumption of cash payments under Mr. Peel's bill. But, in order that prices may form any criterion by which the excess or deficiency of the circulating medium is to be ascertained, it is obvious that, in the first place, the rise or fall of price must be common to every commodity; that where the precious metals do not compose any portion of the circulating medium, as they certainly did not during the Bank restriction, during which time gold ceased to be the measure of exchangeable value, and prices were estimated in Bank of England notes, bullion becomes a mere commodity; subject, in the market, to the same laws of exchangeable value as corn, cotton, or iron, and that, therefore, a rise or fall in the price of gold would as necessarily accompany a redundant, or deficient circulation, as a rise in the price of cotton, corn, or iron; and that the rise or fall in gold would not only accompany, and be coincident with the rise or fall in the price of other commodities, but, in the absence of other disturbing causes, extrinsic to the state of the circulation, would be co-extensive. The redundancy, or deficiency

of the circulating medium does not affect prices partially or unequally. If then, under a restriction, the rise in the prices of commodities, bullion included, be not universal and co-extensive, we must look for those disturbing causes intrinsic to the commodities themselves, which we have already alluded to in a former part of this article, when treating of the effects of the Bank restriction on the general value of the precious metals. It becomes necessary then to enquire into the existence and effect of those disturbing causes peculiar to commodities taken individually, arising out of circumstances affecting their demand and supply. The question then becomes one of infinite detail. It becomes absolutely necessary not only to trace the actual variations in price of a vast variety of articles, but to examine, at each period, the state of their production, distribution, and consumption, until we can discover one whose unvaried value may afford a standard whereby to estimate the depreciation, or enhancement of the exchangeable value of the currency. A discrepancy like this between the rise in the price of gold and that of a variety of other commodities being admitted to have existed at the period under consideration, such an analysis becomes necessary; yet at this we have never hitherto seen any attempt, attended with any thing approaching to success, made by any of the antagonists of Mr. Ricardo. On the other hand, Mr. Tooke, in his work on 'High and Low Prices,' has presented a view of the fluctuations in the prices of a vast number of the staple commodities of this country, and traced those fluctuations (and especially those most relied upon by the ultra-depreciationists) very minutely and satisfactorily, to causes intrinsic to the articles themselves; and he has disproved the connexion of a great portion of their rise with the state of the currency: whilst, at the same time, he has shewn the comparative steadiness in the general value of the precious metals, by reasonings which we have already had occasion to revert to. We regret that the length to which this article has already extended precludes our entering, at present, further into this branch of the subject; but, we regret it the less, as we hope that a continuation of the valuable work to which we have already so often alluded, is in process of completion by its author; and the prospect which he holds out in the pamphlet now before us, warrants us in supposing that it will not be long before it will afford us an opportunity of recurring to the subject.

The large amount of Bank of England notes in circulation is frequently referred to by the ultra-depreciationists as a proof of the excess of the currency. But the absolute amount of the circulating medium cannot, as an insulated fact, be of itself a proof of depreciation. That the circulating medium may be increased in absolute amount without necessarily producing a depreciation, is a simple and obvious deduction from the very elementary proposition in the theory of money, that the value of the whole circulating medium must be equal to the value of the exchanges of commodities which are simultaneously performing by means of its intervention; thence we may infer that a greater degree of national wealth or of commercial activity will call for an increase of the circulating medium. This is one cause which, in any country, may produce an extension of the whole

circulating medium, of whatever nature it may be, without necessarily occasioning any depreciation. But in a country like this, where commerce is in a high state of advancement, the circulation is composed of a vast variety of substitutes for money; and in the transaction of mercantile affairs numerous expedients are resorted to for the purpose of avoiding the intervention of so valuable an object as precious metal. Of the nature of the former are bills of exchange, promissory notes; of that of the latter, are bankers' accounts* and credit. All these expedients were in use, and formed a part of the general circulation of the country at the period of the Bank restriction. But where the commercial affairs of a nation are carried on by such a variety of means, the amount of one only of the various descriptions of currency which are in use, affords obviously a very inaccurate criterion of depreciation: for any sudden contraction of any one branch of currency may call for an extension of another, in order to fill up the deficiency in the circulating medium. The amount of Bank of England notes, for instance, may, if they constitute the lawful money of the realm, be increased to a great extent by those circumstances which frequently are the result of over-trading. The losses amongst those who have embarked in speculations which have not been attended with success, occasion frequent, and perhaps, unexpected failures; confidence is impaired; that part of the currency which depends upon confidence for its existence is reduced to so small an amount as to render the whole circulation inadequate to perform even a diminished amount of mercantile exchanges. Under these circumstances, it is obvious, that an extension of any one of the other branches of currency may be affected, not only without producing a depreciation, but may be absolutely necessary to prevent an enhancement of the value of the circulating medium. To give an example: such an event took place upon a great scale in the year 1810. "A great commercial revulsion," says Mr. Tooke, (*Letter to Lord Grenville*, p. 89) "began in the summer of that year, as a consequence of the extravagant speculations connected with an extension of credit which had occurred in the two preceding years. Besides numerous and extensive mercantile failures, no fewer than twenty-six country banks failed.

"The applications for discount at the Bank of England rose to an unprecedented height, and an addition was made of four millions to its circulation, making the amount, in August, 1810, 24,446,175*l.*, the greatest amount which it reached before the termination of the war.

"But this addition to the Bank circulation of nearly eight millions, compared with the amount in February, 1808, and six millions and a half, compared with the amount in February, 1809, was hardly sufficient to fill the void in the general circulation created by the diminution of banking and mercantile credit."

Now, during the restriction, when the notes of the Bank of England had been thus thrown into the circulation, they were not, upon the re-

* A very masterly exposition, by Mr. Pennington, of the manner in which exchanges are affected, and intervention of money rendered unnecessary through the medium of bankers' accounts, is given in the appendix to Mr Tooke's pamphlet.

turn of confidence, driven out again by those mercantile securities, whose place they had taken, so soon as a metallic circulating medium would have been : the motive of economizing, which had, in a great degree, given birth to those various substitutes for money, no longer existed, when they could no longer displace anything more valuable than themselves ; and, being no longer a cheaper medium of exchange, it was only in those cases where they were a more convenient one that they re-entered the circulation. This circumstance will tend very materially to account for the great and progressive increase of the amount of Bank of England notes during the restriction.

We must now take leave of this subject. We are conscious that we ourselves have brought no new or original matter to the discussion of it ; but we shall be amply satisfied if we shall have revived, in the recollection of those who have already studied them, or introduced to the notice of those who have not, the arguments of the able writers who have taken a part in this controversy ; and if, by so doing, we shall have in any degree contributed to protect and maintain the integrity of public and private contracts, against the attacks of certain politicians, who, led away by mistaken views and partial considerations of the question we have been discussing, seek to disturb the prosperity of individuals, to violate the rights of the national creditor ; and who do not scruple to affix to their scheme of plunder and injustice the monstrous misnomer of an "*equitable adjustment*."

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHIES.

WE are not sure that there is, after all, any better way of making knowledge, of any kind, popular, than that of mixing it up with the human interest of biography. Of course, this is not the method, according to which the *regular* student of any science or branch of literature will prefer instituting himself in the subject he would master : *he* is strong-headed enough to drink the *merum* of philosophy, its unmixed wine, or if necessary, its thrice concentrated alcohol. But we speak of the case of those, whose customary potations being of a comparatively very weak and uninspiring element, have neither brain nor palate for such potent draughts ; and are apt, therefore, to be overset by their very presentment. As to them, we must remember, that the rule is "milk for babes,"—sugar with the physic,—a plentiful dash of water in the wine. It will not, administered in this fashion, elevate them at so rapid a rate, certainly ; nor perhaps ever lift them to the same transcendental state which men arrive at through means of the unmitigated spirit ; but still, it is by no means incapable of supplying a very comfortable inspiration for all that, and imparting to the mind both enjoyment and refinement. The question then is, not what is the right method of teaching the truths of science to the professed student of science, but rather, how a taste for any kind of knowledge, and an acquaint-

ance with at least its most important principles, may be communicated to the people in general; including in that term, not only our mechanics and labourers, but all those belonging to the higher grades of society, with whom literature is not a profession; but who might yet add greatly, both to their happiness and their influence individually and collectively, without either withdrawing themselves from, or unfitting themselves for, their usual avocations, by making it, at least occasionally, their amusement and relaxation.

We are glad to perceive, that the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* have shewn themselves quite alive to this consideration, by their recent announcement of a 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' expressly intended to convey the sort of instruction, and in the manner we have just been describing. Undoubtedly, to a mind properly disciplined for its reception, all knowledge is, in a high sense of the word, entertaining: it excites the mind, and fills it with most exquisite enjoyment. The epithet, therefore, is not, as has been flippantly said, a contradictory or unintelligible one, but perfectly applicable to the thing characterized, and nowise inconsistent even with the other epithet given to the same thing, in the older series of the Society's publications. For in truth, what is commonly called Useful Knowledge differs from what we understand to be here meant by Entertaining Knowledge, not so much in itself as in the manner of its presentment. It is not intended that the new work, because it aims at being entertaining, is not to aim also at being instructive. It is to entertain by the communication of knowledge,—a task really not so impracticable as some people seem to imagine, who talk, or write, as if there were no entertainment in any thing under heaven, except their own daily or hebdomadal batch of bad puns; or their pictures of high life, consisting, for the most part, in an orthodox hatred of steel forks, and all the other knowledge of the Housekeeper's Room.

How easily, as we have remarked, does Biography, for example, admit of being rendered a vehicle for almost any sort of knowledge which it may be desired to communicate, in such a way as that minds, but little accustomed to the exercise of thought, may nevertheless be interested in the subject, and almost imperceptibly introduced to an acquaintance with it! May not the life of a great discoverer in any of the arts or sciences be so written as to form a most instructive history and exposition of his discoveries, and even of the whole department of knowledge to which they relate; not only without being rendered heavy or forbidding on that account, but with the greatest advantage even to the mere interest and popular effect of the narrative? The mind that has soared highest and farthest in the pursuit of science, has taken its first flight from a level of ignorance as humble as that of the most uninformed reader; such a reader may at least, therefore, be made to discern and understand the beginning of that rise, whose termination is even so great a way beyond his ken: and having gained thus much of ascent, may be gradually uplifted to such a companionship with the less daring excursions of the mightiest spirits, as shall open to him a thousand sources of enjoyment he never before dreamed of, and re-

generate and make him a new being altogether. And especially such a use as this may be made of the lives of those, who have been entirely or principally their own teachers, even in the rudiments of learning (the fact being, that in all his loftier acquisitions, every man is necessarily his own teacher): since here we have the mind, not carried, but literally climbing, up to knowledge; and therefore, where the process has been recorded with sufficient minuteness, can point to, and describe every step of the ascent, in such a way, as that it may be followed almost by any one, whatever may be his powers or opportunities. There is really no subject which may not be taught upon this plan, nearly as one would tell a story; for whatever men know has been done or discovered by men, and may be naturally and conveniently unfolded, in relating the lives of those by whom it has been discovered or done. Not that this is the regular, or, in all circumstances, the best mode of teaching science; for those who are able or inclined to study it by itself, it is much better, undoubtedly, that it should be presented without any accompaniment; but still, for persons of merely ordinary digestion, such an admixture as has been mentioned, will be found exciting, and not unsalutary.

We have been led to these reflexions by an examination of the great French work, the *Biographie Universelle*, which has been in course of publication since 1810, and has only been brought to a close a few months ago. We propose to give our readers some account of this remarkable performance, which in respect both of its extent, the difficulties in the midst of which it has been carried on, and the great talent and learning which have co-operated in its production, must be undoubtedly considered as one of the most wonderful efforts of the literature of the nineteenth century. It is not as yet very generally known in this country, where, except among a small number of scholars, the more important productions of the continental press have never excited much interest. Yet some traces we do find in the literature of the day, which shew, that it is occasionally consulted by those, who know where to look for a good thing. It is not many months since we were amused by seeing in a daily paper a communication of some length, signed by a well-known name, on the attraction of comets, which we happened to have read only a few days before in the life of Lalande, by Delambre, in one of the volumes of the *Biographie*. Very recently, another writer in the same paper gave us a dissertation on certain foolish theories, which had been promulgated in regard to Homer, taken, in like manner, nearly verbatim from a life of that poet, by Amar-Duriviez, in the same work. We are very glad to observe these evidences of the manner in which the publication is beginning to be appreciated by the more industrious of our literati.

The first Biographical Dictionary, compiled on a comprehensive plan, was that of Louis Moreri, which only appeared in 1673. It was a medley of biography, history, genealogy, mythology, and geography; and long continued to be the standard authority on all these subjects throughout Europe, undergoing, however, in course

of time, so many transformations, that the latter editions retained scarcely any thing of the author except his name. It is a name, however, that ought to be dear to literature; for poor Moreri died at his task. When the first edition of his dictionary appeared, in a single folio volume, he was only thirty years old; and he was carrying the first volume of a second greatly enlarged edition through the press, when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, in the year 1680, having literally broken down under his eager and incessant labours. Full of inaccuracies, and even defective in plan, as was Moreri's work, it was a stupendous performance for a single individual, and that a young man, working without a model, and obliged to collect his matter from an immense variety of sources in several different languages. It is said to have gone through about twenty editions in French; the last of which appeared in 1759, in ten volumes folio. The famous Jeremy Collier published an English translation of it, in two volumes folio, in 1701; to which he subsequently added two others, by way of supplement. Meantime, it had given birth to the celebrated "Critical Dictionary" of Bayle, which first appeared in 1697, in two volumes folio, having been originally conceived and undertaken simply as a supplement to Moreri, whose omissions and mistakes Bayle proposed to correct and supply. In pursuing this design, however, he produced an original work, which not only remains to this day unrivalled, but, rich as it is in qualities over whose attraction time has no power, must continue to delight the readers of every generation, and can never be supplanted by any imitation or recasting of its materials. For it is not its materials, the mere facts which it contains—although, in general, highly curious, and drawn from a vast treasury of learning—that form the charm or value of the book; but it is the picture which it presents us of the author himself, his opinions, his mode of thinking and reasoning—all, in short, that constitutes the interior of his capacious, peculiar, and curiously furnished mind, that makes us always open it with fresh interest, and never tire in studying it. To talk of the Critical Dictionary becoming obsolete is, in truth, like talking of a reconstruction of the Chronicles of Froissart, or the Essays of Montaigne. The facts in any of the three works might certainly be given within narrower compass, and many of them, perhaps, might be dropt altogether, without much detriment to the sum of our positive knowledge, while the statement of others might possibly admit of being materially altered and corrected; but the text is too sacred a thing to be touched on any of these accounts. As a book to be consulted for information, it is quite right and necessary, to be sure, that Bayle's Dictionary should be accompanied with rectifications of whatever mistakes it has been discovered to contain; but that is the whole amount of the improvement that any one would think of bestowing upon it. We must have the book as Bayle himself wrote it, whatever more we have. Who but would prefer even his blunders as to matters of fact, and most fantastic errors of opinion, to the most minute accuracy, or the gravest sense, that would obliterate either? Such is the privilege of genius.

We have a very good English translation of Bayle's work, by his friend, Peter Desmaiseaux, in five volumes folio, which has gone through two editions. It also forms the foundation of the "General Critical and Historical Dictionary," in ten volumes folio, compiled by that useful literary labourer, Dr. Birch, assisted by George Sale, the translator of the Koran; and one or two other friends. This ponderous publication was begun in 1734, and completed in 1741. A few years after this, appeared the great collection of English biography, entitled the *Biographia Britannica*, in six volumes folio; a work, in many respects, of very high merit, and even at present deservedly held as an authority of much weight. Indeed, the learning and research displayed in many of its articles are most extensive and profound, and such as have not been surpassed in any subsequent work of the same description; while its numerous references to, and citations of, original sources of information, many of them generally inaccessible, give it a value of quite a different sort from that of ordinary compilations. The principal writers in this work are understood to have been William Oldys, the author of several now forgotten works; Philip Morant, the author of the History of Essex, and a very learned antiquary; the Rev. Thomas Broughton, also a voluminous writer; Dr. John Campbell, the author of the Political Survey of Great Britain, whose articles are all very able; a Dr. Nicolls; a Mr. Harris, of Dublin; the Rev. Mr. Hinton, a clergyman who resided in Red Lion Square; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Brougham, then of Took's Court, Cursitor Street, the father, we believe, of the present distinguished member for Winchelsea. A second edition of the *Biographia Britannica* was commenced in 1778, by the late Dr. Andrew Kippis, upon a plan greatly more extensive even than that of the original work, but discontinued on the death of the editor, after the publication of five volumes, which had not nearly completed the design. Dr. Kippis was a very worthy man, and a most indefatigable student; but he manifestly looked upon the art of writing as a mere handicraft, or rather as nothing more than a species of bodily labour, in which he that could hold out longest was the best workman. He used to tell, that for many years of his life he had read regularly at the rate of sixteen hours every day—in which case he must, of course, have left himself not a single moment for thinking during the whole period; a matter, however, which he probably regarded as of very little importance. It was much the same in that respect when he moderated his reading, and turned to the writing of books. His lives are mere confused heaps of remark and quotation, to attempt wading through which can be compared to nothing, except what we are told of the miseries travellers have to encounter in making their way among the loose sand of the desert, in which they are constantly sinking down faster than they move forward; while, if they attempt to look up, they are blinded by a palpable obscure, through which it is impossible to discern aught that lies either before, or on either side of them. Even the deserts of Africa, however, have their green oases, which is more than can be said for those of Dr. Kippis. One of his broad

and floundering dissertations, with its interminable, stormy, and yet drowsily conducted controversies, can only be fitly characterised in the language of Milton; as—

“ A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and height,
And time and place, are lost; where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery.”

Of which, the last mentioned, we can vouch, is particularly troublesome.

Among the vast mass, however, of facts and documents which Dr. Kippis has collected in the second edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, there are undoubtedly some of interest and value. The learned Editor was assisted in his undertaking by communications from several of the most eminent among his contemporaries, among whom may be particularly mentioned Lord Hardwicke, (son of the great Earl, and author of the *Athenian Letters*,) Dr. Percy, Dr. Douglas, Archdeacon Blackburne, Isaac Reed, &c. The great fault of the new portion of the work is that no part of it is, properly speaking, composed, or put in order, as a book ought to be. The good Doctor seems to have imagined that by proceeding in this free and easy style he was writing in the manner of Bayle, whom he tells us in his preface, with most amusing naïveté, he means to imitate, eschewing, however, his scepticism and other sorts of licence. Indeed, it is quite plain, as we have already said, that he had no notion of any other merit in writing except what might consist in the accumulation of facts. One of his new lives, that of the poet Cleveland, is entirely written by the celebrated Bishop of Dromore; but instead of seeming in the least degree sensible of the spirit the narrative derived from the pen of that elegant, ingenious, and accomplished scholar, he simply tells us, that Dr. Percy could not but write the article in a manner far superior to what he himself could have done, as being a descendant of the person to whom it relates, and having, therefore, peculiar opportunities of being informed as to the facts of his history.

The first English General Biographical Dictionary appeared, we believe, in 1762, in eleven volumes octavo. It is understood to have been projected and principally written by Rev. Dr. Heathcote, who, assisted by the late Mr. Nicholls, brought out a second edition of the work, in twelve volumes, in 1784. A third edition, in fifteen volumes, appeared in 1798, under the superintendence of Mr. Took, the author of the *History of Russia*. It is the last edition of this work, which goes by the name of Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, and which, having been begun to be published in 1812, was completed in 1817 in thirty-two volumes octavo.

This brings us down to the era of the *Biographie Universelle*, the first volume of which, as we have already mentioned, appeared in

1811. Before this time almost the only collections of general biography which the French language possessed, had been the successive editions of Moreri, and several smaller compilations principally abridged from them. Some of these latter were party works, and written with considerable talent at misrepresentation; but, except as to this matter, the whole were mere compilations, pretending to little more than a bare detail of dates and facts, and distinguished from one another only by the different degrees of fulness with which they recorded the common tale. In none of them was there to be found any thing like either a philosophical discussion of subjects and appreciation of characters, or even eloquent or spirited narrative. The dry chronology was set down sometimes prolixly enough, at other times more briefly; and that was all. It never seems to have entered into any body's head, that lives arranged in the order of the alphabet could possibly be written as they would naturally be, if presented to the public in any other form—just as if, simply because of this peculiarity about the book, Dr. Johnson's "harmless drudge," the lexicographer, was the only description of person qualified to undertake the preparation of it.

The projectors of the *Biographie Universelle* first conceived the idea of producing a general biography, which should have some claim to the character of a classical work. Instead of a compilation nominally, and in reality very imperfectly, superintended by a single known individual, putting his own name on the title-page, and then employing in the dark a crowd of the cheapest hacks he can find to take all the real burden of the labour, it was determined to offer to the world a book written, as other books must be that desire public favour, with uniform care, and the expenditure on every page of it, of the best ability that the writer could bring to his task. The writers employed, it was resolved, should be not the mere menials of literature, as had usually been the case, but persons either well known, and of distinguished reputation in the world of letters, or, at least, quite capable of writing such articles as might be placed without impropriety by the side of the best that their ablest coadjutors could produce. Then, as quite essential to the right execution of the work, and to the ensuring that all the talent and erudition engaged on it should be employed to the best advantage, the different subjects to be treated of were carefully distributed in such a way, as that each was given to the person most familiar with it, and best qualified for its discussion—lives of mathematicians and astronomers, for example, to the men of science; those of statesmen and political characters to the student of history; those of the poets, orators, and general classics of every country, to him who was understood to be most conversant with its language and literature. An editor, it is quite evident, of such a work as a universal biography, cannot possibly be qualified to offer himself as a guide and authority upon all the matters professed to be discussed in his pages. He must take many thousands of the statements he prints upon trust—indeed, probably a thousand at least for every one, the correctness of which he can know or have ascertained by his own research. In ordinary compilations of this kind, therefore, the public, besides being in regard

to the truth or falsehood of the vast and multifarious mass of facts and opinions presented to them in the course of a work of perhaps twenty or thirty volumes, entirely in the hands of an individual, often, or we should rather say generally, of no great literary reputation, are compelled to accept what is offered them through him without having any guarantee whatever, even that he has satisfied himself as to its value. In the work before us, however, the editor professes to undertake nothing more than that part of the business which we are well satisfied to leave in his hands. He does not step forth to take his place between us and the real authors of what we are reading, that he may conceal them from us by his shadow. They come forward into the light as much as he does. Every writer puts his name to what he writes, and stakes his character as a literary man upon the merits of his performance. Of all the distinguishing peculiarities in the plan of the *Biographie Universelle*, we regard this as by far the most important. In our own literature we have as yet no instance of such satisfying honesty and downrightness in any similar publication, if we except the last excellent supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which owes undoubtedly much of its superiority to the adoption of this principle, and one or two other works of the same kind which have since imitated that good example. From the want of it the best of our Biographical Dictionaries still remains a mere compilation, which no one would quote as an authority, and without any pretensions to be considered a standard work in our literature.

The *Biographie Universelle*, however, was not intended originally to be nearly so extensive a work as it has eventually become. The late learned M. Barbier (author of the admirable *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*) informs us in the preface to his *Examen Critique des Dictionnaires Historiques*, that in 1810, one of the projectors of the work came to him to propose that he should undertake its superintendence. "I asked," says Barbier, "six months to prepare the first *livraison*, and two years to make my way to the last. These delays appeared too long. The publisher would give me but eighteen months for the whole work: I could not, in consequence, accept his offers." We believe the work was then carried on under the superintendence principally of Michaud, the publisher, and his elder brother, the well-known author of the *Histoire des Croisades*. In a discourse prefixed to the first volume, and written by M. Auger, (formerly one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, and subsequently of the *Journal de France*) it is spoken of as intended to extend to eighteen volumes. In an announcement from the editors, given in the third volume, we find it calculated that the three letters, A, B, and C, will each occupy about two volumes, and that the names under the three together may be considered as constituting about a third of the whole dictionary. In reality these three letters occupy almost ten volumes of the work, and after all do not form nearly a third of it. On the publication of the ninth volume in 1813, the editors congratulate themselves on having, completed the third part of their task, having, as it turns out, got over in

reality scarcely more than a sixth of it. Seven years after, on the appearance of the twenty-fifth volume, they speak of two-thirds of their work being done, the fact being that they were not yet half through with it. It was at last completed in 1828, in fifty-two volumes, consisting in all of considerably more than 30,000 closely printed pages.

This continual enlargement of plan was the natural consequence of the growing popularity of the work; the accumulation of new materials, to which every day was making additions, and the increased expenditure of attention and talent which its conductors and supporters were induced to bestow upon it by the great success of their enterprise. Although ten volumes appeared in the course of the first three years after its commencement, seldom more than two or three a year were published afterwards, till the undertaking drew towards its termination, when four, and sometimes five, volumes a year were produced. This was a rate of publication, the deliberation of which would, of course, have been quite without apology in the case of a mere compilation, got up as much by the aid of the scissors as of the pen. Accordingly, 'Chalmers's Dictionary' proceeded regularly, we believe, from its commencement to its close, advancing a volume every two months. But then, it was such as any body could write at the rate of so many lines an hour by the clock.

Not so the *Biographie Universelle*. Its articles are always written at least neatly, generally with considerable spirit, and not unfrequently with a degree of learning, eloquence, and philosophy, that would do honour to any work, or any writer. And no wonder that it should be so. The greatest names in the modern literature of France are to be found in the long list of more than three hundred contributors, to whom we are indebted for this work. Biot, Delambre, Lacroix, Malte-Brun, Sylvestre de Sacy, Ginguemé, Sismondi, De Barante, Guizot, Cuvier, Victor Cousin, Chateaubriand, Humboldt, Gerando, Benjamin Constant, Laplace, Madame de Stael, Delille, with many other writers of great, if not equal celebrity, all have their places in the splendid catalogue. The manuscript of the work alone cost him, the publisher tells us, more than sixteen thousands pounds sterling; a sum for which, large as it is, so much copy of the same value certainly would not have been furnished in this country. Nor could it probably even in France, had it not been that the enterprise was undertaken and carried on, not so much in a spirit of commercial speculation, as in the ambition of making the work one which should do honour to the age and country in which it was produced, and that most of the eminent persons concerned in it devoted themselves to its completion with a zeal which looked to the public applause of their labours, and the glory they were contributing to secure for the literature of France, as their best remuneration.

We are not going to attempt the Herculean task of reviewing this extensive work—a task, indeed, which could not be fitly performed except by many individuals, and in many volumes. It has been already subjected, in France, to a good deal of pretty severe criticism in the course of its progress. Madame Genlis, who was originally engaged as a contributor, but is said to have withdrawn

her name before any part of the work was put to press, in consequence of not having been allowed to dictate as she chose in regard to the mode of conducting it, and whose work, entitled *De l'Influence des Femmes dans la Littérature*, is understood to be chiefly composed of the articles she had prepared for the *Biographie Universelle*, attacked the first volume with great keenness in her *Examen Critique*, which she promised to continue regularly on the appearance of every new livraison. She published no more, however, we believe, than another number, when her anger cooled, or she began to perceive that the public did not sympathize with it. Barbier's *Examen des Dictionnaires Historiques*, which we have already mentioned, is also principally devoted to the correction of the errors and omissions of the *Biographie Universelle*. Barbier never contributed to the work himself—the writer of the same name, whose signature we find attached to a variety of articles on English personages, being, we believe, the nephew of the great biographer; but he is known to have exerted himself greatly in procuring subscriptions for it, and to have taken a very warm interest in its success. His *Examen* appeared in 1820, and embraces the first twenty-two volumes of the *Biographie*, or to the close of the letter I. He promised a second volume after the completion of that work; but he died in 1825. The volume, however, was left ready for the press, and his son has engaged that it shall be given to the world. We have not heard that it has yet appeared; but we cannot doubt that, together with its predecessor, it will form a valuable supplement to the great work, as a contribution to which they may be considered as having been offered by their author, and which he has pronounced to be, with all its faults, the best and most complete of the kind in existence, and likely to be as memorable in the literary history of the nineteenth century, as the *Encyclopédie* is in that of the eighteenth.

Some degree of outcry has been raised, we believe, or attempted to be raised, against the work, in Paris as a party publication. Its conductors, in truth, and chief supporters, are well known to be of *Restoration* principles. The elder Michaud distinguished himself in the early part of his career as an active loyalist, and was condemned to death by the government in 1795. Having escaped by flight or some revolution of parties on this occasion, he afterwards returned to Paris and established the *Quotidienne* newspaper; but was a short time after sentenced to banishment, in consequence of some of his articles in that publication. He then, while residing in Switzerland, engaged in a correspondence with the princes of the house of Bourbon, the detection of which it was that principally led to the murder of the unfortunate Duc D'Enghien. Michaud, however, afterwards found his way back to Paris, where we recognise him ere long publishing a poem on the marriage of Buonaparte and Maria-Louisa, under the title of a 'Thirteenth Book of the *Æneid*,' as also an 'Ode on the Birth of the King of Rome;' but not quite succeeding, it is said, in lulling the suspicions of the reigning family by either of these displays of his attachment. On the Restoration he was made an officer of the Legion of Honour and Censor-General of the Journals, and was soon after elected a Member of the Chamber of

Deputies. His brother, the publisher of the work before us, had established himself early in life as a printer in Paris, but, during the times of the Revolution and the Empire, was always suspected of an attachment to the exiled family, and, indeed, was more than once arrested on that account. He is understood to have been promised the place of king's printer, by Monsieur, so early as in 1799, in case the Bourbons should ever regain the throne. He actually obtained this object of his ambition in 1814, but had enjoyed it only a very short time, when it was suddenly taken from him by royal ordonnance, in consequence of his having lent his press to the printing of a pamphlet which displeased the government. He could not but feel this usage to be harsh, unmerited, and signally ungrateful; but it is not supposed, we believe, to have affected his attachment to the new régime, or his old principles.

Of the other leading contributors to the work, a few certainly have always belonged to the opposite party in the state, but the greater number, and the most active, have either been all along Bourbonists, or, however they may have begun their political life, have taken their places of late years in the ultra-royalist ranks. We can afford to mention only two or three names from many that we might quote. De Marguerit, the writer of the article on the Duc d'Enghien and several others, was associated with Joseph Michaud in carrying on the correspondence with the Bourbons we have already mentioned. Many of the political lives are written by Lally-Tollendal, the son of the famous Count Lally, and the inheritor of his Jacobite principles. Another chief contributor in this department is M. de Sevelinges, a most accomplished scholar, and able and eloquent writer, but all whose prepossessions are equally monarchical and anti-democratic. Auger, whom we have already mentioned, acted for some time as one of the censors of the press after the return of the Bourbons. Quatremere de Quincy, another able contributor, obtained his first distinction as a literary man, by a most eloquent discourse in defence of *la Liberté des Théâtres*, which he pronounced in the year 1790 before the representatives of the *Commune* of Paris; but after having been first a member of the Legislative Assembly, and then an active Buonapartist was, at last, soon after the Restoration, appointed, under the Bourbons, a member of that very theatrical censorship which it had been almost the earliest public act of his life to denounce. And not very unlike this is the history of several of the other eminent *littérateurs*, whose names are before us.

These things being so, we are, however, we confess, rather surprised that the political tone of the work should be upon the whole so moderate as it is. It was commenced, certainly, as the editors themselves remark, at a time when there was scarcely such a thing known as political discussion or party sentiment in France. The first nine volumes were published under the iron sway of Napoleon. yet even in these we find, generally speaking, a sufficiently correct and impartial statement of facts. In a notice of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, for example, which is given in the first volume, the discomfiture of the French forces in Egypt is related very much as it would be

by an English writer. A curious anecdote with regard to the publication of the tenth volume is mentioned in one of the articles in a subsequent part of the work. That volume was ready, it seems, for publication in December 1813; but upon its being presented to the imperial censors, these officers insisted upon the suppression of so many of the most striking passages in a notice which it contained on Oliver Cromwell, that the author (M. Suard) refused to sign his article in so mutilated a state. But the editors of the work, we are told, "perceiving the imperial power just about to fall, deferred the publication of the volume for a few days; and then, when the censorship was overwhelmed, sent it forth with the article such as the author had written it." The ground of the objection of the censors in this case, is said to have been the vivid picture of the tyranny of the Protector which Suard had drawn, and in which they thought they perceived too just and exciting a representation of the state of matters somewhat nearer home. Upon referring to the article itself, however, we confess we have not been able to find any thing in it which it is easy to imagine could possibly have alarmed them on this score. There is little or nothing said, indeed, of any miseries England suffered during the reign of Cromwell, who is truly represented on the contrary as having elevated his country to a degree of power and greatness she never had before attained—as having made her, in fact, to quote the very words of the writer, "the first nation in Europe." We should rather suppose that the apprehensions of the censors must have arisen from the synopsis which the article gives of the arguments of Colonel Titus's pamphlet (*Killing no Murder*), and its account of the state of suspicion and misery into which Cromwell is said to have been thrown by the perusal of that famous brochure.

Buonaparte has been called the child and champion of the Revolution; but after his assumption of the imperial power, it is well known that he was not accustomed to hold the memory of his alleged parent in much reverence. The heroes of the republic, accordingly, are treated, even in the early volumes of this work, with sufficient freedom, and all manner of reprobation of their conduct indeed is frankly enough expressed, which does not go the length of implying a wish for the restoration of the old dynasty. Some articles, however, supply us with curious illustrations of the condition of the times. A notice of Camille Desmoulins is given in the eleventh volume of the work, which appeared about the beginning of the year 1814. The writer begins by congratulating his readers, that "at the moment that he is addressing them, one of the greatest revolutions which had ever tormented the human race, has just been terminated by the return to France of the august family whose throne it had overturned, and all whose princes it had proscribed." Towards the close of the article he gives from the *Vieux Cordelier*, a periodical conducted by Desmoulins, a scheme of a very atrocious character, for the arrest of suspected persons, which that individual and his associate, Anaxagoras Chaumelle, had, it seems, suggested. This extract, we are told in a note, had formed originally a part of the article on Chaumelle in a former volume; but when submitted to the imperial cen-

sors, they would not permit it to be published. It was thought, of course, to present too naked and lively a picture of the spy system of the existing despot.

Throughout the remainder of the work, the notices that refer to French politics, in so far as we have observed, are, we think, upon the whole fairly written. We cannot say quite so much for those that relate to many of the personages and events of our own history. The writers in this department of the work have generally taken Hume for their principal guide, and satisfied themselves with merely adding a few touches to his statements, in his own style of colouring. Indeed, the articles on English names are, throughout, with a few exceptions, the worst done in the book. The task of reviewing our literature has been committed chiefly to the late M. Suard, who, although a neat writer, was evidently but very superficially acquainted with his subject, and as incapable of looking at it in a spirit of philosophical criticism, as of writing a second Iliad. He was a mere literary *petit-maitre*, who had learned to talk or translate English, and no more. Yet it is amusing to observe with what confidence he expresses himself as to matters about which he really knows nothing. Thus, for example, in his article on Chaucer, he tells us that that poet's *Court of Love* is the earliest poem known to exist in the English language, and that French was till then the only language of poetry in England. It was Dryden, too, it seems, who first formed for us "a poetic language, a thing of which, before him, England had no idea. Till he appeared, poetry, scarcely distinguished from prose by its numbers, was in no respect distinguished from it by choice of expression: English verse seemed to consist of nothing but the observance of the measure!" After Suard's death, M. Valckenaer appears to have taken his place. This gentleman was, we believe, educated in England, and his articles are decidedly superior to those of his predecessor, less meagre, and more judicious and profound. We have a number of notices, too, by-the-bye, of considerable spirit and great pretension in this department, from the pen of M. Villemain, especially a very long one on Shakspeare, and another (which we prefer to it) on Milton. We ought not to forget to add, that there are a few articles on the more eminent of our scientific writers, which (like all those in the same department throughout the work) are excellent, especially a life of Newton by Biot, than which there is perhaps nothing better in the whole collection.

The articles on French literature are written, as might be expected, in a spirit of nationality with which a foreigner will not always sympathize. "After the Scriptures," we are told in one place, "which were inspired by the Holy Ghost, there is nothing so grand as Bossuet." In the same spirit it is remarked of Delille's version of Milton; "The English, jealous of the fame of their great epic poet, persist in maintaining that the *Paradise Lost* has not been translated by Delille: we will not dispute with the English on the fidelity of the translation; but if the French poet remain inferior to Milton in some passages, he has frequently been unfaithful to the English poet only to lend him new beauties," &c. &c. Thus it

is that a Frenchman makes himself happy with an ideal honour, which nobody but himself is likely ever to care about sharing.

Among the very best parts of the work are (as we have already mentioned) all the scientific notices, the articles by Malte-Brun in Geography, Classical Literature, and other departments; those on Oriental subjects by the Baron de Sacy; those on Italian literature by Ginguemé and Sismondi; many of those on the literature of Germany and the north of Europe, and those on speculative philosophy by Gerando, Stapfer, and Cousin. Several of these last in particular present an admirable combination of learning, eloquence, and profound and original reflection.

Voluminous as the *Biographie Universelle* already is, its conductors do not consider it as yet quite a complete work; but mean to follow it immediately with a supplement which shall supply its omissions, correct its mistakes, and add to it such names as have "put on immortality" since the course of publication had carried it past their places in the alphabet. In the mean time it ought to be accompanied by the *Biographie des Hommes Vivants*, in five volumes, from the same press, though said to be prepared under another superintendence and by a different body of contributors. This is a more neatly and carefully compiled work than the *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, which besides, as containing notices of many deceased personages as well as of those that are yet alive, is not so well adapted to form a companion to the *Biographie Universelle*. It is, however, the Buonapartist book, we believe, if that be a recommendation to any one. If to the two works we have mentioned there be added the late edition of Bayle, in seventeen volumes of the same size, the whole will form a collection of nearly every thing that is to be found in the French language, of any value, in this department of literature, and a body of arranged biography and literary history such as, we may venture to say, no other language has to boast of.

We greatly want a work in our own country on the model of the *Biographie Universelle*—not a translation of it, for we have already stated enough to show that that would by no means give us the book we require, but something written on the same plan and with the same ability, and adapted, not certainly exclusively, but yet as completely as possible, to the moral and intellectual climate of England. The French work, we believe, has been already imitated in most of the languages of Europe, and we observe it stated that a translation of it into Italian is at present in progress at Venice, which must, we suppose, be conducted upon a plan admitting of considerable additions to the original, as it is said, although already at the forty-sixth volume, to have only advanced to the letter R, which in the original commences in the middle of volume thirty-six. In even the latest of our English compilations on a large scale, little or no advantage has been taken of the stores of new information presented in this work. Some references are made to it in the earlier volumes of 'Chalmers' Dictionary,' (in the preface to which it is coldly mentioned); but that publication soon outran, by its steady, mechanical motion, the more irregular progress of its competitor, and was

deprived of any benefit it might have derived from its companionship, almost as soon as it had commenced acquaintance with it. Still more, however, than a correct and ample assortment of facts, do we want, in a work of general biography: we require spirited and well-written narrative, and a tone of philosophy and criticism worthy of an enlightened age and country. Some may think this of no great significance—holding that abiographical dictionary ought to be merely a record of facts, which, so that they be told accurately and distinctly, will serve their purpose just as well as if they should be wrought up with ever so much eloquence or art, or accompanied with the profoundest reflections. We are of another opinion: we would have the work to be both a national and a popular one, neither of which it is quite evident it ever can be, unless it shall be written both so as to engage the hearts and imaginations of its readers, as well as merely to task their memories, and with all the talent and power which the highest intellect in the country can bring to it. Till we have a work such as this, we shall have left a most important duty unperformed, both to the honour of our national literature and the great cause of general education. And why should we allow France to distance us here as she has done, without even an attempt to follow her? We are persuaded, an English public, if appealed to as it ought to be, would lend as warm an encouragement to such an undertaking as it has already experienced in France. Is it to be said that with our overflowing capital for all other national accommodations and luxuries, we have none for this? or have our publishers the money, but do our scholars and literary men lack the learning and ability requisite for ensuring the success of the enterprise? We trust and believe that it is not, and cannot be so.

One most important department of a general Dictionary of Biography is its bibliographical details. By a right method in the dispensing of this sort of information, it may be rendered almost an index of universal literature,—a work in itself much wanted. The nearest approach to any thing of the kind that we yet have, is that wonderful compilation, 'Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica,'—wonderful at all events when we consider it in connexion with its history. It is the work of a single individual, the late Dr. Robert Watt of Glasgow, whom it occupied for twenty years of his life. Yet he lived only to carry a few sheets of it through the press. It consists of four closely-printed quarto volumes, in the two first of which we have a list of the works of no fewer than 40,000 authors, arranged according to the alphabetical order of the authors' names, and the dates of publication; the whole forming, perhaps, the most extensive and minutely particular catalogue that was ever compiled. In the two other volumes, all these works are distributed and arranged according to the subjects to which they relate; so that the book gives us, in this way, an account of whatever has been written on any subject, and by whom it has been discussed, at least in so far as concerns the productions of the very large number of writers comprehended in its scheme. The publication of the 'Bibliotheca Britannica' commenced in 1819, and it was completed in 1824. Unfortunately it has suffered in point of fulness and accuracy, in

regard especially to its later references, from not having been carried through the press by the author himself. It contains too a good many mistatements, occasioned partly by oversights, scarcely avoidable in the case of so large a work conducted and composed by a single individual; and partly by the imperfect sources of information on which the author, in his remote situation, had been frequently obliged to depend. There are some defects too in the plan of the work, which, for one thing, wants completeness; and had better, perhaps, have either been confined to British publications merely, or extended so as to embrace the whole of European literature. With all these deductions from its utility however, it is still a valuable and highly serviceable work; and as an effort of individual zeal, ingenuity, learning, and industry, quite a stupendous performance, and well entitling its author to the gratitude of every student.

Were we asked to point out the most accurate and perfect Bibliographical work we know, we should name at once Barbier's *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*. We never turned to this work without finding the information we were in quest of. It was the result of a lifetime of reading and research on the part of its author. The first edition of it appeared in 1806, and for nearly twenty succeeding years Barbier's attention and best exertions were devoted to extending and perfecting it. At last the first volume of a new edition was given to the public in 1822, which was completed in three volumes in 1824, about a year before the death of the author. A supplementary volume, left by him in manuscript, has since been published by his son. The work unfortunately embraces only such anonymous and pseudonymous publications as have appeared in French and Latin; but of these it gives an account of the authorship of no fewer than between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand. When will any of the keepers of our great libraries supply us with such a contribution to the literary history of our own country?

Barbier's death, as well as his life, was that of a man of letters. In giving to the world the first volume of the second edition of his Dictionary, in 1822, he had concluded his preface, by a reference to the happiness he had enjoyed, for many years past, in having held a situation, (that of administrator of the king's private libraries,) which gave him such favourable opportunities of prosecuting the studies he loved; and a warm expression of his gratitude to M. Lauriston, (the *Ministre de la Maison du Roy*,) for the kind attention he had constantly shewn to his wishes and suggestions, in regard to the extension and improvement of the valuable collection of which it was his good fortune to have the charge. The old man spoke in the fulness of his heart, little thinking of how his acknowledgments were to be requited. In a few weeks after, in order to facilitate some new arrangement of the household, he was dismissed, by this very M. Lauriston, from the place he had held for twenty-seven years, which it was the pride of his life to fill; and the duties of which there was certainly no man in France better qualified—perhaps none so well qualified—to discharge. Barbier never recovered this blow.

It literally broke his heart, and he died about two years after, at the age of sixty, having just lived, as has been already mentioned, to carry the two remaining volumes of his dictionary through the press. Yet, like Moreri and Watt, he had lived long enough to earn his reward, if not to enjoy it.

There are just two or three minor matters which we would advert to before we conclude. Why will our French neighbours persist in blundering so uniformly whenever they have to copy an English word or phrase? The little English we find in the pages of the *Biographie Universelle* is almost in every case perverted, by writer or printer, into "something new and strange;" and occasionally with such ingenuity, as almost to defy interpretation. In proper names this practice becomes particularly perplexing. It is easy, for example, to translate the novel term, *Desings*, into *Designs*; but it is not quite so obvious, that *Kindoss* means *Kinross*; or that *Bervic* is the name by which our great wood-engraver, *Bewick*, is known in Paris. Why should Lady Austen, too, (Cowper's friend,) be uniformly called *Mistris Austen*; and Sir William Hamilton, generally *Sir Hamilton*, as if he had been only a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin? Above all, why should the members of one of our great political parties be so constantly nicknamed *Wighs*, in addition to being calumniated by all other sorts of misrepresentations? For the sake of correctness as to these, and many more important matters, we cannot help thinking that the editors, or proprietors, of the Universal Biography might have done well in submitting some of their articles to the revision of an English coadjutor. We have to regret, too, the want, in these volumes, of the running titles, and indexes at the end, which make Chalmers's Dictionary so much more commodious for consultation. Should the volume open in the midst of a long article, as in nine cases out of ten it is sure to do, you have generally, owing to the absence of these guides, to turn over and examine first nearly a dozen leaves in one direction, and then as many in the other, before you can find out even at what part of the alphabet you are. We should also have liked more ample lists of authorities than we generally find subjoined to the articles—those by the very learned and accurate M. Weiss excepted. In this respect, also, the English work has an advantage over the French one.

We have not mentioned among our English dictionaries of general biography, the work, in eight volumes quarto, superintended by the late Drs. Aikin and Enfield. It is a compilation on the common plan, and of no extraordinary merit. Of smaller works in the same department the best, beyond all rivalry, is that lately published in two volumes by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. It is written throughout, not only in a rare spirit of impartiality, but with great talent and elegance. It is the only work, too, of the kind, in our language, in the preparation of which the pages of the *Biographie Universelle* have been consulted.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING AN ELDER BROTHER.

I do not care for the paternal acres. To say the truth, Halbert Hall never pleased me. As a child, I detested the long, dark avenues of stunted trees; and the heavy, melancholy stream of moaning water; and the long passages, with their doleful echoes and their countless doors, and the vast chambers, with all their pomp and pageantry of faded furniture and family portraits. I am happier here in Lincoln's Inn, though one floor is my palace, and one lackey my establishment; and I leave the Hall, without a sigh, to my elder brother.

I shall not die for the lack of ten thousand a year. I never longed to keep hounds, or an opera dancer; to give champagne dinners, or to represent a county; to win at Doncaster, or to lose at Rouge et Noir. Your true Epicurean does not need great wealth. I can afford to wear a tolerable coat, and drive an unexceptionable cabriolet; to be seen sometimes at the Opera, and keep myself out of reach of the Bench; to throw away a trifle at Picquet, and cook a wild duck for my antagonist. These things content me; and, except when some unusual temptation has awakened my appetite, or some more than common loss ruffled, for a time, my philosophy, I would not readily exchange them for the rent-roll and the three per cents. of my elder brother.

As for the title, it is not to be mentioned seriously as the object of a reasonable man's ambition. In old times, a belted lord had certain privileges and pastimes, which might make life pass pleasantly enough. It was interesting to war upon his equals; it was amusing to trample on his inferiors: there was some merriment in the demolition of an abbey—there was some excitement in the settlement of a succession. Now-a-days, it is as well to be called Tom, as my lord; unless you have a mind to dine at the dullest tables, and make speeches to the drowsiest audience in the world. So I resign my chance of the peerage without reluctance; and, besides, the coronet must pass from the temples of its present apoplectic possessor over an artillery officer, a rural dean, and an attaché to an embassy, before it decorates the honoured brows of my elder brother.

But when I have resigned philosophically all longings after these distinctions and advantages, which would be mine if I could date my birth but a twelvemonth earlier—when I have congratulated myself that I am not bound, by any necessity or interest, to do battle for the privileges of the Order, or talk nonsense in support of the game laws—why am I to be crossed at every turning by some hateful memento of the inferiority to which my unlucky planets have doomed me?—why are smiles to grow colder, and conversation more constrained, at my approach?—why are my witticisms listened to with such imperturbable gravity? and why does Lady Mondragon look zero when I bow, and turn away to whisper 'viper' in her daughter's ear?

Thus it has been from my infancy. My mother, to be sure, had

the usual maternal peculiarities, and was always in our nursery squabbles the unfailing protectress of the party which was most immediately dependent upon her protection. But she died, poor lady, almost before I could be sensible how much I needed her alliance, leaving me to carry on the war unaided against an adversary whose auxiliaries were many and zealous, in the butler's pantry and the servants' hall, in the tenant's cottage, and the keeper's lodge. I was as handsome as Frederic, but his dress was more carefully tended and his ringlets more studiously arranged; I was as ravenous as Frederic, but his acquaintance with the cellar was more close, and his visits to the store closet more frequent; I was the bolder rider, but my pony was as rough as a bear; I was the better shot, but my gun was as heavy as a blunderbuss; both learned the lesson, but the praise and the shilling were for him; both plundered the orchard, but the reproof and the correction were for me. And when our father, with an unwonted exertion of impartiality, sent us to the same school, and supplied us with the same means of extravagance, though my hexameter was as smooth and my laugh as hearty, my scholarship as sound and my pluck as indisputable as my brother's, he had more patrons and more friends than I had; and, some how or other, between Halbert major and Halbert minor there was a plaguy difference, though I scarcely yet suspected where it lay.

But I was soon able to discover of what materials the talisman was composed. My father broke his neck in a fox-chase, and my brother was master of the kennel and the stud; my uncle died of a late division, and my brother represented the borough. We came into the world, and began to jostle for places like the rest of its industrious citizens.

I met Lord Fortalice at a dinner party. What could be more condescending than his Lordship's manner, or more flattering than his expressions? He had heard of my renown at college; he was confident of my success in life; he knew a host of my connexions; he had had the sincerest respect for my father: he could assure me the Duke of Merino entertained the highest opinion of my talents, and Lady Eleanor had pointed me out last week as a model to her son. But when at last his Lordship hoped my principles would allow me to support the Bill which was next week to be before Parliament, and understood from me that the interests of sixty-seven independent men were in my brother's hands, not mine, he gradually withdrew his civilities from me, and devoted himself thenceforth to the entertainment of a pursy divine, who spoke in monosyllables, and took an appalling quantity of snuff.

I was introduced to Tom Manille at the Opera. He was charmed to make my acquaintance; he had been told of my good fortune at the Salon, and was aware what a favourite I had been with the Baronne de Lusignan. Did I want a servant?—a friend of his was going to dismiss one who was worth all the Indies. Was I looking for a hunter?—His cousin had one which would suit my weight exactly. He would make my betting-book, he would superintend my cellar,—he would take me to a *soirée* chez Mademoiselle,—he would give me a special recommendation to his tailor. He must make me known to the Somerses,—their cook was Ude's first pupil;—of course I should belong to the club,—his influence was omnipotent there,

A few weeks elapsed ; and Tom Manille was riding my brother's horses, and drinking my brother's chambertin. He always calls me 'my dear fellow,' and never passes me without a most encouraging nod ; but I have never dined with the Somerses, and last week I was black-balled at the club.

I wrote a treatise on the state of the nation, and submitted it to an eminent publisher. He was wonderfully delighted with the work. The views were so sound, the arguments so convincing, the style so pure, the illustrations so apposite. I began to look forward to an infinity of popularity and an eternity of fame ; I dreamed of laurel wreaths, I calculated the profits of tenth editions. In imagination I was already the pilot of popular opinion, the setter-up and the putter-down of cabinets. But when I struck out the magical M. P. from the proof sheet of my title-page, my fall was immediate and disastrous. My language lost its elegance, and my subject its importance ; and my pamphlet lies forgotten in the limbo of unpublished embryos, wanting only life, and willing to win immortality. I should have been the most influential writer of the day, if I had not had an elder brother.

At Brighton I fell in love with Caroline Merton. She was an angel, of course, and it is not necessary to describe her more particularly. Her mother behaved to me with the greatest kindness : she was a respectable old lady who wore a magnificent cap, and played casino while her daughter was waltzing. Caroline liked me, I am sure ; for she discarded a dress because I disliked the colour, and insulted a colonel because I thought him a fool. I was in the seventh heaven for a fortnight ; I rode with her on the downs, and walked with her on the Chain Pier. I drew sketches for her scrap-book, and scribbled poetry in her album. I gave her the loveliest poodle that ever was washed with rose-water, and called out a corpulent gentleman for talking politics while she played.—Caroline was a fairy of a thousand spells ; she danced like a mountain-nymph, and sang like a syren ; she made beautiful card-racks, and knew Wordsworth by heart : but to me her deepest fascination was her simplicity of feeling, her independence of every mercenary consideration, her scorn of stars and garters, her penchant for cottages and water-falls. I was already meditating what county she would choose for her retirement, and what furniture she would prefer for her boudoir, when she asked me at an ill-omened fancy-ball who was that clumsy Turk, in the green turban and the saffron slippers. It was my elder brother. She did not start, nor change colour : well-taught beauties never do : but she danced that night with the clumsy Turk in the green turban and the saffron slippers ; and when I made my next visit she was just sealing a note of invitation to him, and had lighted her taper with the prettiest verses I ever wrote in my life.

If your father was an alderman, you may nevertheless be voted *comme il faut* : if your nose is as long as the spire of Strasburg, you may yet be considered good-looking : if you have published a sermon, you may still be reputed a wit : if you have picked a pocket, you may by-and-bye be restored to society. But if you have an elder brother, migrate, go to Crim-Tartary or to Cochin-China, wash the Hottentot, convert the Hindoo : at home you cannot escape the

stigma that pursues you. You may have honesty, genius, industry—no matter: you are 'a detrimental' for all that.

Last summer I saw Scribe's amusing scenes "Avant, Pendant et Après," at the Théâtre de Madame. In the "Avant," when the Duchess of the old regime, after bestowing upon her eldest son unearned military rank and the richest *parti* in all France, was quietly dooming her youngest-born to live poor, unknown, and Chevalier of Malta, a fine little fellow, who was sitting in the front row before me, looked up at his father, and cried, "*Mais nous avons changé tout cela, n'est ce pas, mon papa?*"

Much of it is changed; but to change it all, we must wait for a stranger revolution than that which has regenerated France.

P. C.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

"*Floreat Etona.*"

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics;
I wonder'd what they meant by stock,
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with Fates and Furies;—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whisper'd syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures;
The fields, the forms, the bats, the books,
The glories, and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout limb'd, and simple hearted;
Pursuing ev'ry idle dream,
And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney Stream,
No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball,
That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's "fourteen all,"
And striking for the pocket:
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,
Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker;
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker.

And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions:
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medlar's feet repose unscann'd,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Doctor Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now;
The world's cold chains have bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Jermyn-street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching;
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking;
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry;
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry;

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remember'd hobby;
I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From House, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses;
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris;—
That I could be a boy again,
A happy boy, at Drury's!

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. THOMAS BROWN.

WE are induced, by the publication of a new Edition of Dr. Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of Mind, to offer a few remarks on the character of one of the most remarkable men of our times, snatched, too early, from the scene of his important labours.

Though it be far more seemly and in keeping, that those mighty spirits that fling wide the gates of truth to the human sense, and prove that "the ways of wisdom are pleasantness," should have their monuments in the grateful hearts of the wise and good, and their epitaphs in those truths with which they have enriched the book of knowledge, yet it would be gratifying to those who wish for the improvement of the people, to find that even the mere empty honours and distinctions should be given to the real possessors of moral and intellectual power, rather than to the adventitious depositories of power which is merely physical. If the monuments that have been of late years erected in the public places, and at the public expense, in this country, could ever become the only memorials of the period, that period would have all the appearance of one of barbarity and war. He who took a redoubt, or captured a cock-boat, has his tablet or his statue, while the man who devoted a life to the successful advancement of science lies neglected, and his history has no memorial "in storied urn, or animated bust."

The remains of the man of whom we are about to speak lie in the lonely churchyard of Kircudbright. In this there is the less to be regretted, as, since the invention of printing, Wisdom has built her own house; and since the diffusion of a taste for reading news is wide, the remembrance of such great men is safe with the public. We do not, for instance, need to erect monuments to Watt, or Arkwright, or Smeaton; for we have only to look round the country, and there they are, in the works which they constructed, and the successors whom they raised up in emulation.

But while we are conscious of this, and exult in the consciousness of it, we cannot help feeling that there is yet more to be done. Mechanical and constructive power, in all their varities, and in all the splendid results to which they have led, deserve all the homage that the most elevated can pay them. When we consider that this little island has had to support shocks and bear burdens which would have shattered and crushed any other nation upon the face of the earth, and that, after all, it continues to maintain an eminence, in wealth and in power, of which waste and misrule seem not capable of depriving it,—when we consider these things, and at the same time consider, that to our mechanical skill we are indebted for them, it is not possible for us to help feeling national exultation. When we find skill and industry rising superior to all the accidental distinctions of society, and man ranking higher upon his superiority as man, than upon any of those distinctions upon which barbarians and semi-barbarians look with so much veneration, we cannot

help feeling, that our true dignity lies in the possession of reason and understanding, and that the final triumph of these must be as certain as it is silent and safe in the progress.

Yet, while we rejoice in the effect, we must not forget the cause,—we must bear in mind, that those efforts, important and cheering though they be, are really consequences of something anterior, without which they never could have been. While we concede to the public the praise of aptitude and success as scholars, we must not forget those by whom they have been taught: highly as we prize the inventions of art, we must never forget that they are only deductions from the discoveries of science. When we look at the condition of nations, we find, that desires of accommodation and comfort, and hands for the working of it out, are not what even the rudest of them stand in need of. Men to hew the wood and fashion the stone may be found any where; the grand difficulty lies in getting the intellect to invent the plan, and superintend the erection. For all that has been done for the civilization of mankind, and the vast increase that the arts have made to their comforts, we are indebted to a few silent and retired men, here and there, who have devoted themselves to the study of nature; and who, after having established them upon the sure basis of demonstration, have promulgated those laws, the applications of which have been so beneficial to society. In what are called the Fine Arts, or in what are called the Useful Arts, the distinction is not correct, as the Fine Arts are as useful in contributing to the pleasure of cultivated man, as the others are in contributing to the same purpose, in a less refined and intellectual state;—the work of the mere artist contains in itself his stimulus and reward. Men can see, appreciate, and praise it; and in proportion as they find it gratify them, they gratify him in return. But not only until the discovery has been made, but until it has ripened into invention, the honour and the reward of the man of science are confined within his own breast. In the most busy and crowded community he must labour alone; nor can he derive any advantage from the stimulus of approbation, till he is so far advanced as to be quite independent of it. It is for this reason that the men of real science are so few, and that, even in this age and country of unprecedented application, their numbers have not kept pace with those of any other class of the community. Wherefore no public journalist ever better performs his duty to the public, than by calling their attention to those men who have devoted their time to the interests of science; and, so that the branch of science to which they have devoted themselves be but of sufficient utility and importance, the farther that it lies out of the track of common pursuit the better.

If it be conceded that man is of more service than mere matter,—and few that are men will refuse the concession,—then it must follow that the science of man, as a rational being, is the most interesting of the sciences. Other sciences may be valuable, as they are the foundations of those arts that render life more or less happy in external accommodations; but that is the study of life itself. Pain and sorrow, pleasure and joy, are in the mind itself; and if we be

properly taught to understand and to regulate that, we are safe from contingencies, against which they whose only security is in external things can have no permanent protection.

Considering these things,—considering too the amiable character of the individual—the high intellectual endowments, the ardent love of man in his best affections, and of liberty in its purest forms,—we do not think that we can confer upon our readers a greater benefit than by giving them a little information respecting the life, character, and philosophical labours of that inquirer into the phenomena and laws of our intellectual being, whose name we have given as the title of this article.

Besides its general value as a piece of philosophical delineation, there is a lesson to be deduced from the study of Dr. Brown, which pleads powerfully for philosophy in general, and for that most delightful but most neglected branch, the Philosophy of the Mind, in particular. The great vulgar and the small, those who have learned nothing, and those who have learned to hate all true learning, and to prevent, as far as in them lies, its diffusion, are all in the habit of describing philosophy as the associate of austerity;—saying that the philosopher, more especially the profound philosopher, is a man who abstracts himself from the world, tastes none of its pleasures, feels none of its charities, and is, in short, a contemner of men, and indifferent to their weal or their woe. This allegation, which is as unfounded as it is illiberal, never met with a fuller confutation, in all its parts, than in the case of Dr. Brown. Never was man more warm and disinterested in his friendships; never did man more completely put off the philosopher when he came into society; never did man take a more intense interest in every thing liberal; and never did man, in every individual act of his life, and in the whole tenor of it, shew that he was more sincere. If Dr. Brown was more than usually happy, it was in perceiving that those about him were happy; if ever he felt proud, it was when he felt that he had removed an error, or sapped the foundation of a prejudice; if ever he felt that lofty indignation which only the highly gifted can feel, it was when the lightning of his eloquence (which in those cases was tremendous) was falling upon the memory of some one, who had been the curse and the scourge of the human race; and whenever he triumphed, it was when his cause was liberty, and his weapon truth.

It has been matter of general remark, that the lives of philosophers and literary men are but read in their writings, and that when you come to their lives, though there should be nothing to blame, there is usually just as little to praise. They eat, drink, and sleep like other men, and as their great and favourite deeds are all in the closet, to which only the reader of their works is admitted, they must be caught there or not found. With Dr. Brown, the case was different; and though he had never delivered a lecture, nor written a line, his biography would have been delightful and instructive as a piece of biography.

There is something interesting, not only in the parentage but in the very birth-place of Dr. Brown. The epoch of the Scottish per-

secutions, when the simple but sincere inhabitants of the South, in their own quaint but energetic expression, "took up the testimony of their God in the wilderness,"—when the mountain echoes rang to their songs of adoration, which were forbidden in the churches—when the mountain rills ran red with the blood of the butchered, for no other cause than that they would not allow the arm of power to come between them and their Creator; when that was done, painful as it was in the doing, there was something won for that part of the island, which has not to this day been told. There was a devotedness for liberty, a hatred both of tyrannizing and being tyrannized over, that has remained, and has produced far more talent among those mountains than has been elicited in more wide and populous districts that have avoided the same visitation. The rude monuments of "the Martyrs" are still to the people there what the plain of Marathon should be to the Greeks. Among those wilds Dr. Brown was born, and his infant steps were by the very caves where his ancestors had prayed for a blessing upon Scotland, at the same time that they were obliged to grasp the broadsword, in order to save the hearts from which the prayer emanated.

Thomas Brown, whose father and grandfather were, in succession, ministers of the parish in which he himself was born and buried, first saw the light in 1778. From his earliest power of perception there was something ineffably sweet and susceptible in his appearance and demeanour; and before he could lisp, earlier indeed than many children could listen, his mother used to lull him to sleep with his little eyes in tears of sympathy at the mournful melody of "The Flowers of the Forest." Though he was not two years old when his father was in that stage of his last illness which portended a speedy dissolution, such was the activity of his mind, and the uninterrupted happiness of his disposition, that, though he was the youngest of the family of thirteen, his father pointed to him as the one that would be a blessing to his mother, when she should be his only parent; and never was a fond paternal prophecy more amply and literally accomplished. Brown was devoted to his mother to the day of her death; and he has paid to her memory, in the close of his 21st Lecture, perhaps the most true, touching, and exquisite tribute that ever was paid to maternal tenderness.

Soon after the death of his father, his mother removed to Edinburgh, as the best place for her family to receive their education. When not yet three years old, he was quite restless till he should learn to read. The alphabet was but one lesson; and so rapid was his progress, that, ere he was four, he could take the range of all the English books in the library. The Bible was a favourite with him; and he very soon was so familiar with the historical parts of it, as to be a critic. Before he had strength for holding the Bible in any other way than in his lap, a lady called and found him on the parlour floor, with his hands among the leaves, and eagerly looking first at one part and then at another. "Are you going to preach, Tom?" said she. "No," replied the infant critic, "I am only looking at how far the Evangelists differ in their history of Christ; for I see they are not all the same." Indeed, when his mother wished him to remain

quietly in the house, or in bed when he was sick, she had only to give him a book, and be it Bible or ballads, he was satisfied at once. The whole of his initiatory education was communicated by his mother; and as he acquired the mere art of reading with so much facility, he read his books, not as a task, but for the information that they afforded.

At the age of seven years, Dr. Brown was sent to England, where he remained for about nine years at different schools in the vicinity of London. At all of these he made rapid progress, and was a favourite equally with the other pupils and their parents. Many persons, who have since risen to high offices in the State, were among his school-fellows; but, though he was the delight of them all, his ambition was not for mere connection. He continued his reading; indulged in solitary walks beyond the playground—for which he had tasks set him, till his master abandoned it as not being any punishment;—and he composed verses, some of which were published.

At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Edinburgh; and, during the year 1793, he visited Dr. Currie at Liverpool, who recommended him to read the first volume of Professor Stewart's *Philosophy*. The next winter he attended that eloquent lecturer; and soon gave evidence that he had paid attention to the volume and the lectures: for, at the close of one of them, he walked up to the Professor, who, in his class, was not the most approachable man in the world, and with great firmness, yet with great modesty, read an answer to some of his positions. The Professor told him that the very same objection had been made, and urged by the very same argument, in a private letter which he had received from Professor Prevost of Geneva.

At the age of eighteen, Brown composed his remarks on Dr. Darwin's "*Zoonomia*," which he conceived himself in courtesy bound to read to the Doctor before publication. The Doctor was at first a little testy with the young philosopher; but as Brown was calm, and maintained his positions with that firmness and acuteness which characterized all his philosophical proceedings, Darwin did not obtain a victory even in the epistolary correspondence.

About the last years that Brown attended the classes in Edinburgh, there was a literary junto formed in that city, which has had as much influence on the literature of Britain as the celebrated junto of Franklin had upon the politics of the States of America. Many young men of great talents were then in Edinburgh, either at the college, or continuing their professional education. So far as we recollect, at this distance of time, it was Brougham who gave the first impulse; but there were others there who were after rather than inferior,—Dr. Brown, Dr. Leyden, Lord William Seymour, the late Mr. Horner, Mr. Jeffrey, and a number of others. On the 7th of January 1797, they formed themselves into a society for the investigation of the phenomena and laws of nature, to which they gave the name of "*The Academy of Physics*." The laws of that academy were drawn up by Mr. Brougham; and in the first section of them is to be found the germ of that general study of philosophy

which that gentleman has never lost sight of amid all the occupation of business, and all the distraction of politics. Many of the results of this devotion are already proved to the world. In this there is a striking instance of the real advantage that results from giving a proper bias to a powerful mind early in life. Though the Academy of Physics lasted only for about three years, the effect of it, both upon the members and upon society, has been much greater than those, who have not all along attended to the facts, would be apt to suppose. Among men so young in years, and so few in number, there probably never was so much and so varied talent; and in no country was there probably seen such perfect liberality—so unmingled a desire to find out the truth. There was no dogmatism—no appeal to authority—no colouring of the phenomena to meet a theory,—the rule ever was to go straight forward to the result. A good deal of jealousy was excited among a certain class in Edinburgh; but as party politics and religious disputes were wisely excluded, no coercive measure was taken, although it is probable that the vials of vengeance were in some instances bottled up until occasion should serve. From the Academy the spirit ramified into other parts of society; and many, of whom the existence was not then known, caught from it a spirit of philosophy which has carried them forward to stations and degrees of eminence, which, but for this three years' Academy, they would not, in all probability, have reached. The channel into which this tide of talent more immediately flowed was the Edinburgh Review; and probably there never was a publication which took the world so instantly by storm, or which, for so long a period, gave law to opinion on so many subjects. No doubt a reaction came at last; but it was a reaction of good, and not of evil. Other men, whose opinions were on some points different from those advocated in the Review, were compelled to exert themselves; and thus, a knot of striplings, (for they were little else,) in a provincial capital, gave a vast impulse toward intellectual power, to all ranks and classes of people in the empire. Nor did the exercise of such an influence stop here, for it extended to the world; and it would take a good deal of investigation and analysis to find out how much of the improvement, more especially in liberality of opinion, which the present century has witnessed, is not owing to this very association of young men, whose primary object was, we feel convinced, nothing more than their own improvement. The encouragement which this holds out to other young men is great; and the example is of too much value to be hid from the world.

Before entering into this society, Dr. Brown had a strong bias in favour of liberty; but there can be no doubt that it was strengthened by the example of his associates. When they found the increase both of knowledge and of pleasure which they derived from their own little society, it is hardly to be supposed that they should not wish to see the same extended to the great society of the world; and when in after life they found the advantage, which the perfect examination of every argument that the freedom of that society necessarily imparted, gave them over those who had been taught to decide upon authority and not upon evidence, it must have still further confirmed

them; nor can we call to mind one member of "The Academy of Physics" who ever took the side of illiberality, or ever was foiled in argument, or adhered dogmatically to an erroneous theory.

Brown's first professional study was that of the law, with the intention of qualifying himself for practising at the Scottish bar; but he abandoned that pursuit in his twentieth year, and applied himself to the study of Medicine. In that he made great proficiency; but even there his disposition to intellectual philosophy, which had been first evinced in his remarks on Darwin, did not forsake him; for in his thesis "*De Somno*," which he prepared for his graduation, he again reverted to the exception which he had taken to Professor Stewart's account of the cause of the suspension of volition in sleep, with so much force of argument, that Mr. Horner acknowledged that he had got the better of the Professor.

For some time after receiving his degree, Dr. Brown continued to practise as a physician, without however abandoning either his philosophic studies, or the muse. In his poetry there is a great deal of beauty, but it cannot bear a comparison with his philosophical writings in power, or with some of the illustrations in his lectures, even in poetry.

The Leslie controversy was the first occasion that drew forth the powers of Dr. Brown in their full force, and at once raised him to the rank of the most acute metaphysician of his time. The elevation of Professor Playfair to the chair of Moral Philosophy had left that of Mathematics vacant; and the ministers of Edinburgh, who had long been desirous of uniting the professorships in the University to their spiritual cures, set up one of their own number for the vacant office, and began to canvass for him with all their influence. At the same time, Mr. John Leslie, who was then living in philosophic retirement, and whose name stood higher, and deservedly higher, than any of the other candidates, took the field for the Mathematical chair. Mr. Leslie's scientific name and his recommendations were equally invulnerable, and to have attacked them would but have exposed the weakness of the clerical party; and they each sought for some other point of attack. This was found in a note to Leslie's Essay on Heat, in which praise is given to Hume's doctrine of causation,—a doctrine which the ministers looked upon as perfectly heretical. Parties ran high, the advocates of science took part with Leslie, and the ministers, if not quite so philosophical, were to the full as loud against him; but none of them went to the merit of the objection taken to Mr. Leslie. Dr. Brown, without any reference to the dispute, sat coolly down to examine the offensive doctrine, and in an Essay on cause and effect, shewed very clearly that though there were errors in the doctrine of Hume, they were of a merely speculative nature, and in no way calculated to injure the foundations of religion or morality. The Essay was not answered; Mr. Leslie got the appointment; the ministers were beaten; and Dr. Brown, though still a very young man, was at once admitted to be a master of reasoning and intellectual analysis. Mr. Horner wrote a splendid review of the Essay; and the congratulations of those whose party he had so effectually served, without being or pretending to be a

partizan, were as abundantly as justly bestowed upon the essayist. The essay, which was expanded and rendered more complete in future editions, contained the germ of all the improvements which Dr. Brown subsequently introduced into the science of intellectual philosophy; and showed that even then he had studied the whole science with minute attention, and wanted only the proper opportunity to make a most conspicuous figure in it.

In the year 1806, Dr. Brown was associated in the medical profession with the celebrated Dr. Gregory, then the most eminent practitioner in Scotland. The causes and mode of this connexion were equally creditable to the discernment of Dr. Gregory, and to the talents of his young friend. With Dr. Gregory, he had every prospect both of fame and of fortune; but his ambition lay in another direction. When he was only twenty-one, an exertion had been made to place him in the chair of Rhetoric, which was then vacant; but that had failed, by the very same influence, though not upon grounds similar to those which had nearly led to the failure of Mr. Leslie. A vacancy in the chair of Logic led to a similar application, which was followed by a similar result, although, upon that occasion, some of the most influential even of the "court party" were in his favour.

In the session of 1808, the health of Professor Stewart rendered him incapable of attending to his class; and he applied to Dr. Brown, who officiated for him for some little time. In the following winter he was again applied to, and as he had more scope for displaying his talents, he made a much more powerful impression, so powerful, indeed, that some of the most eminent of the professors attended the class regularly, and with apparently great satisfaction; and a committee of the students, in the name of the rest, conveyed to Professor Stewart their high opinion of the talents of his successor. The essay had confirmed that opinion of his powers which had been founded upon his more early productions; and the way in which he had turned those powers to account, gave assurance of his value as a lecturer.

Abilities so searching and so profound, accompanied by eloquence which commanded the most deep attention, adorned by a gracefulness of manner which no one could resist, and without one fault to which even illiberality itself could object—an ardent love of liberty—far removed from party and party politics, and rather deserving the name of universal benevolence, could not remain concealed; and the more intelligent and philosophical members of the University of Edinburgh could not bear the thought that their seminary, their city, their country, the world, should be deprived of the philosophic labours of Dr. Brown. Accordingly when, at the close of the session for 1810, Professor Stewart intimated his intention of resigning the labours of his professorship, his friends were again in the field. The letters which were on that occasion addressed to the magistrates of Edinburgh, as petitions of the University, by the venerable Professor, by Dr. Gregory, and by the late Lord Meadowbank, contained arguments that were irresistible; and on the second of May, in that year, Dr. Brown was chosen assistant and successor to Professor Stewart. Among the lovers of philosophy

the appointment was hailed with delight ; and the Doctor's private friends were each more forward than another in congratulating him on his appointment to an office for which he was so eminently qualified, both by nature and by habit. One short sentence from the letter of Francis Horner, whose heart was as true as his mind was clear and comprehensive, and whom nothing but premature death could have prevented from devoting his great talents to his country, in some of the most important offices in the state, may serve as a key to what was done and what was felt upon that occasion. "What gives me," says Mr. Horner, "more pleasure than any other consideration, is to see the University, and through it the interests of philosophical opinion in Scotland, rescued from the danger, which seemed to threaten them with complete ruin, of the chair of Moral Philosophy being filled by one of those political priests who have already brought such disgrace upon the University, and done so much injury to learning."

But though Dr. Brown had thus arrived at the very summit of his ambition, and though he had done so at the early age of thirty-two, the labour which the elevation had cost him, the intense and incessant operation of mind, which, amid the labours of his profession, (which with such a partner as Dr. Gregory were not light,) had already enabled him to see a clear and straight path through the field of mental physiology, chequered and tangled as he found it, had made a permanent inroad upon his bodily health. That constitutional cheerfulness—the eye ever beaming and the face perpetually in smiles, which procured him at school the name of "the little laugher," and which carried him without an enemy to his grave, had not deserted him, did not desert him till his race was run ; but beneath all those indications, they who felt that he should, that he ought to live, and lengthen out the lines of science, could not help seeing the presages of approaching mortality, could not help perceiving that the mental fire which was beaming in his eye and brightening up his features, was at the same time consuming his strength ; and when the season of his academic labours came round, and the splendour of his introductory lecture made the thrilling and ecstatic audience confess that he was the chosen friend of true Philosophy, there mingled with it the mournful foreboding that he was also the victim upon her altar, and that although by his talents and his temper he had subdued party and bigotry for the good of mankind, he had received his death-wound in the conflict. That conflict was probably the most singular that ever was carried on ; for Dr. Brown, without one word of controversy, without any applications to party, overthrew the intolerants of Edinburgh, by combating and cutting down the general reasons of mankind in the silence of his chamber, and by the weapon of abstract philosophy. Out of this there arises a very valuable maxim : men will seldom fail to succeed, if they have first learned to deserve.

After his appointment Dr. Brown retired to the country for the recovery of his health ; and returned to Edinburgh within a few weeks of the opening of the session, with little other preparation for his labour than the consciousness of his own ability. Thus

his lectures were generally composed on the evenings before they were delivered; and as his literary friends were numerous, and sought his society with great eagerness, there were occasions on which the composition of the lecture was not begun till one o'clock in the morning on which it was to be read to the class. Three-fourths of the lectures were composed in this manner; when the author looked back at them more at leisure, he found nothing to alter, and they have been given to the world fresh from the original composition. This may have given rise to an apparent prolixity and exuberance of illustration in some parts; but to it also must be owing that buoyancy and vigour—that glow of the heart and gleam of the imagination, amid the very wilds and fastnesses of metaphysics, which make the lectures of Dr. Brown at once the most instructive and the most delightful book that ever was written upon the subject.

In general it has been the fault of intellectual philosophers, that they have attempted to rise with their philosophy into some airy and imaginary region, above the ken and the feelings of ordinary mortals, as if there were one world for them, and another for the rest of mankind. This appears to have come down from the most ancient times,—to be the *exoteric* and *isoteric* distinction of the earliest schools of philosophy; and while it has scared plain men away from the science, it has been the cause of the greater part of the errors and disputes among the philosophers themselves. Facts and phenomena are open to all who can and will see and hear; but when there is an admixture of pure hypothesis—something supposed in supplement to all that is, it is hardly possible that any two men can have the same opinion of it, unless the one be a servile and unreasoning copyist of the other. Up to the time of Dr. Brown, this was the case with the philosophy of the human mind: every man who paid attention to it was either a disciple or a doubter,—the mere verbalist followed in the rut, and he, who thought for himself, was denounced as an unbeliever. As instances of this phantom of philosophy, (and it is a phantom which none but philosophers have ever dreamed of,) we may mention the “operating principle in causation,”—the mysterious something besides the antecedent and the consequent event, which none but philosophers could see, and no two of them could see in the same light; and the “idea,” as something apart from the perceiving mind, and the thing perceived, which could multiply itself through all variety, and continue its existence through all time; and yet which, like a vestal virgin, did nothing, and was perceptible to nobody but the priests who were admitted within the *cella* of the mystic temple.

The grand labour of Dr. Brown consisted in the rejection of these phantoms,—in bringing Philosophy down from the limbo of dreams, and teaching her to dwell with man in his ordinary habitation, and converse with him in the language of reality; and having accomplished this, down came the whole fabric of error, whether of *ultra* or of *infra* credulity: for the cavils and disputes were all about the gratuitous and supplemental part; and when that was got rid of, there lay the same appeal to the parts in the philosophy of the mind, as in the philosophy of matter; and the proper designation of Dr.

Brown is "the Bacon of Intellectual Philosophy." The misfortune however, and it is not a slight one, is, that mental analysis and induction are confined, as compared with physical; that thus the greater part of those who have occasion to speak of that philosophy, must be simple believers; and that, therefore, the authority of names still continues, and the career of Brown as a public man was too short for enabling him to raise one, which could place his system so before the world, as to have justice done to his merits. On this account, not a little of the good that he did may be lost; and many may cling to the old errors, or neglect and avoid the science on account of them, who, if he had lived to the ordinary term of human life, instead of being cut off as he was, in his forty-second year, and at the very threshold of his usefulness, would have been alike instructed by the truth, and delighted with the beauty of that most interesting of all the sciences. We do not mean to say that blood will never again be shed for the "Universal à parte rei;" but we have little doubt that, at this moment, there are many drudging and doubting about the more modern phantoms, with Brown's volumes uncut upon their shelves.

STANZAS.

To ———

—
 "She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell."—*Moore's Melodies.*
 —

IF thou would'st pause to wake a string
 That will not bear to play,—
 If thou would'st yet unloose the wing,
 So chainless yesterday;
 If thou be'st not that heartless one,
 And false as thou art bright;
 With smiles for all—and tears for none—
 Sing not—sing not to night.

I may have sought, what all would seek,
 And knelt, where all would kneel;
 The pulse might throb,—the heart be weak,
 And yet the lip conceal;
 And had I never heard the song,
 Or paused upon the tone;
 That pulse might yet be free and strong,
 That secret still my own.

I might be formed to love, and feel
 Love—life—and all decay,—
 I was not made to weep, and kneel
 As I have knelt to-day:

And had I deemed the heart I nursed
 Could sue for such a healing,
 I would have seen it wither first,
 Ere I had stooped to kneeling.

I'll meet thee where the gayest meet ;
 One look shall not distress ;—
 I'll greet thee as the others greet,
 With words as meaningless ;—
 I'll try to feel as heretofore,
 Or deaden feeling's spring,—
 So thou wilt sing those songs no more,
 Where I may hear thee sing.

Yet one, thou said'st but yesternight,
 Thy lip should learn for me !—
 Oh ! when thou sing'st, and all is bright
 Around thy path—and thee,
 If thou dost feel but half I felt
 Where first those echoes rung ;
 I will not mourn that I have knelt,
 Or weep that thou hast sung.

ξ.

Jan. 21st, 1829.

MODERN FRENCH POETRY.

“ LES ORIENTALES.” PAR VICTOR HUGO.

THIS collection of poems, on Eastern subjects, as the title denotes, was published a few days since at Paris. The author, M. Hugo, though but a young man, has been long known as a popular French writer ; and the rapidity with which his works have succeeded each other is very remarkable. These works are various and opposite in their nature, and unequal in merit ; but all bear the impress of originality and boldness of conception. As a lyrical poet—as a novelist—as a dramatist—he has entered the lists. In each of these characters he has advanced boldly by unfrequented paths ; and his countrymen have placed his name with those of Lamartine, Beranger, and Casimir de la Vigne, though his relative rank among those favourite authors of the day depends on particular predilections, on parties in literature, and on parties in politics.

From his very first attempts, M. Hugo openly showed his aberrations from the classical models ; and he has persisted in an attachment to what the French and the Italians call the *romantic* school of poetry. Besides testifying a religious respect for the institutions of chivalry, as seen through the hallowing medium of centuries, for the pomp and magnificence of Catholic rites, and generally for all that is vague and mysterious ; besides using liberties of language and versification, unsupported by the example of Boileau, Racine, or Voltaire, he poured forth an ode of deep and devout feeling on the funeral of the

late sovereign, Louis XVIII. This was an uncompromising career, and he felt its effects. He was hailed on one side as a poet of feeling and imagination, who, like Lamartine, had broken the trammels of the hackneyed school, and, like him, had found poetical wealth in ideas and associations neglected or despised by the classicists: whilst, on the other hand, he was accused of a vagrant departure from the unalterable codes of order and beauty; styled a *borealist*, a romanticist, and, consequently, an *Ultra*. For, in France, *romanticism* and *ultraism* (strange as the supposed union may appear) are considered, in a writer, consequent on, and inseparable from, each other;—whilst an undeviating, scrupulous attachment to the authors of the age of Louis XIV., (for, after all, the French idea of *classic* is nearly confined to them,)—a supercilious contempt for the literature of other countries—a dread of change or innovation, in language, rhythm, or general costume—*classicism*, in short, as it is understood, is considered as equivalent to *liberalism*, although it is, in fact, an *ultraism* in literature.

These unions between parties in politics, and parties in poetry, really exist in France, as we have described them. The fact presents an evident anomaly, and not one of the least curious of our days. For, according to our general notions of things, the parties certainly should be differently assorted. The *romantic*, or the bold, the innovating, the irregular, in poetry, would ally itself with the speculative, the reforming, the experimental, in politics. On the other side, a scrupulous observance of ancient ordonnances in belles lettres, an exclusive reverence for the works of the great monarchy, for set forms, for the *unities*, for the dictionary of the Academy, (who determined, in their wisdom, some century and a half ago, that they had *fixed* the language of their country, which was thenceforth to know neither change nor augmentation)—in short, a devotion to every thing settled, regular, and legitimate, and an abhorrence of novelties and exotics—*classicism*, in a word, would take refuge in the faubourg St. Germain, the head-quarters of *ultraism**.

M. Hugo, as we have stated, is a *romanticist*; and, with Lamartine, occupies a foremost place in the ranks of the new French school. In the *romantic*, admitting the definition given of that style by its opponents, he would certainly claim precedence of his contemporary; for his flights are incomparably wilder, his licences in language and versification bolder: the choice of his subjects among night-mares, bats, the Satanic Sabbath, fairies of the North, and peris of the East—among phantoms, vampyres, and djinns,—is more exclusively within the regions of romance. But, as a poet, judging of him as he has appeared in his works up to this day, we consider him far beneath M. Lamartine.

If, however, M. Hugo be not spoiled by that flattery, which, in the French capital, is bestowed with such prodigality, and in such a

* We differ greatly from our contributor. First, we disbelieve in any such division of writers into factions as connected with politics—we think that individual opinions have a much greater preponderance; and secondly, judging from a pretty wide observation of modern French literature, we also believe that the *liberaux* are the least servile in their adherence to classical models.

variety of ways—from the laudatory letter prefixed to the poet's volume*, to the confined but *merveilleux* article in the friendly journal—from the noisy plaudits of the crowded saloon, to the whispered enthusiasm of the Cabinet de Lecture, (where poetry and politics are eschewed at the cheap rate of about two-pence a sitting)—from the hotel of *virtuosi*, in the Castiglione, to the mercer's shop in the Rue Saint Honoré†—if, we say, he be not spoiled by all this, as so many clever young men have been before him, we may entertain the hope, that the years of study and improvement that are before him may be so employed, as to render him, with the talent and strength he undoubtedly possesses, a poet, whose success shall be independent of modes, and schools, and party associations.

Though we ourselves (were we brought before the tribunal of the classicists) should certainly not be considered as free from the romantic or *boreal* taint‡, yet we could wish to see the romantic somewhat more soberly indulged in—kept a little within the bounds of reason and probability, and restrained from encroaching on the regions of frenzy. At the same time, we would suggest to M. Hugo, that there is an abundance of subjects, novel, striking, and (if he must have them so) *unclassical*, in the visionary, and even in the material world, without his recurring to the ghastly and disgusting. He says boldly, in his preface to the volume before us—“ *Il n'y a en poésie, ni bons, ni mauvais sujets, mais de bons et de mauvais poètes. D'ailleurs, tout est sujet; tout relève de l'art; tout a droit de cité en poésie.*” This; perhaps, is generally a good belief to hold, and is certainly likely to lead to brighter results than are to be derived from the hemming in the districts of art, and confining the opera-

* This abuse, which prevails among the French authors of the day, cannot be too severely deprecated. To M. Hugo's present volume there is a fulsome article of the sort attached, under the title of “Prospectus,” which extols him most outrageously, throws him in the balance with some of the greatest names of French literature, and enhances his merit at their expense. There is a disgusting babble about his “*ame complète de poète* ;” he is asserted to be the only poet since Pindar, that has conceived the ode, “*dans toute sa naïveté, et dans toute sa splendeur.*” His romances are applauded à *outrance*. His drama—his every thing, and all that he has done, marvellous as it is, is nothing to what he is going to do! His being a young man is dwelt upon several times; and the winding up of the article is in these pompous terms,—“*Le drame appartient à l'âge de la virilité la plus mûre. Or, le dix-neuvième siècle est bien jeune encore, et Victor Hugo est plus jeune que le siècle.*” An author is not, in justice, to be rendered accountable for the exaggerations of his friends and admirers, or the puffs of publishers; but for the sake of good taste—for decency—he ought not to permit them, in the form of a long, regular article, to precede, and to be bound up in a volume which he gives to the public. The practice, however, with a very few exceptions, is general: it has been carried to the greatest extent in the Vicomte d'Arlincourt—the supernatural genius, whose works have afforded delight to fourteen nations, translated in the idiom of each. M. Lamartine's volumes have none of this “damning” over-wrought praise. M. Beranger's unfortunately have too much of it.

‡ The marchands de modes, mercers, &c. at Paris, are quick at catching names and circumstances from the novels, poems, and plays that obtain any popularity. Thus, we have the costume à la *Dame Blanche*—écharpe à l'*Elodie*—robe à la *Solitaire*—voile à l'*Ipsibœ*, &c. &c. I remember, some years since, all the fashionables of Paris were dressed, from top to toe, in D'Arlincourt's romances, and the Vicomte felt flattered at this manner of their testifying an admiration of his genius!

† The French critics took this word, *boreal*, in the sense they so politely apply it to us and the Germans, from the grandiloquent Italian, the late Vincenzo Monti.

tions of human genius to certain limited and set themes, and to conventional manners of treating them. But, still, that there are subjects that are *bad*—that no writing can elevate—that must sink under their inherent weight and deformity, dragging every thing with them, is evident on a moment's reflection. We could mention a score of such subjects in a breath; and to come home to M. Hugo, we could cull half of that number (not to say the whole) from his various productions.

We believe that several of the rather numerous works of this young French author have, in different ways, been presented to the notice of the English public. We have no intention here of giving an analysis of either; but, contenting ourselves with a list of them, in the order they appeared, shall, after a brief remark or two, hasten to the consideration of his last volume, "*Les Orientales*."

The first thing of any consequence he published, was a collection of Odes and Ballads, which contained some magnificent lines on the *Funeraillles de Louis XVIII.* (In an after edition he added an Ode, equally admired, "*à la Colonne*,"—the Column of Victory.) In prose, he has produced three romances, "*Hans d'Islande*," in 4 vols.; "*Bug Jargal*," in 3 vols.; "*Le dernier jour d'un condamné*," 1 vol. These three tales are, almost as much as it is possible to be, in the "raw-head and bloody-bone" school:—the horrible is throughout carried to an excess that is painful and repulsive, except occasionally when it lends itself to the ridiculous. He is, moreover, the author of an historical drama on an English subject, "*Cromwell*," written in rhymed verse, as French tragedies are, but on the romantic, or irregular, or what we might call the Shakspearian model. It contains striking passages, but at the same time great misconception of character, and a general vagueness or *indeterminateness* of execution. He has now in the press a new historical romance in two vols. entitled "*Notre Dame de Paris*," which according to his *proneurs*, is very original, replete with character, very dramatic, and—*unlike* Walter Scott! The last merit is not considered the least, as these gentlemen conceive our northern bard has so completely monopolized the domains of romance, that it is, in the present day, next to impossible for an author to enter on them, without assimilating himself to him. "*A une époque, où l'imitation de Walter Scott est presque une contagion nécessaire, même pour des très hauts talents, Victor Hugo s'est tenu à l'abri du soupçon par une diversité de manière incontestable.*" Such is the complacent assertion of M. Hugo's friend, the author of the *Article de louanges* (which we have referred to) at the head of the "*Orientales*"—and it is an assertion that nobody will be inclined to dispute. The diversity between "*Waverley*," "*Ivanhoe*," the "*Crusaders*," or any other given romance of Sir Walter, and "*Hans d'Islande*," "*Bug Jargal*," and "*Le dernier jour d'un condamné*," is, in truth, *incontestable!* *Cela saute aux yeux!* But to his poetry, which is far better than his romances in prose.

The present volume contains a number of short pieces, with a very few exceptions, on Greek and Turkish subjects, and referring to the momentous events of which the Levant has lately been

the scene. The second poem in the collection is devoted to the "good Canaris," the terror of sea-faring Ottomans. It is bold as the hero it celebrates. Canaris is the purest patriot, and altogether the best man (the writer of this article speaks from personal acquaintance) that the Greek revolution has brought on the scene. It is worth while remarking too, even here, that this burner of "high Admirals" with their tens and their hundreds, who, from his terrific exploits, might be deemed some fire-fiend, is in his private character one of the mildest and most humane of men. His modesty and *bonhomie* are extreme, and the more remarkable and admirable, as they are qualities rarely found among the virtues of Greeks, ancient or modern. M. Hugo seems to have been well informed of his real character when he called him "le bon Canaris."

The poem next in order is entitled "Les têtes du Serail," and is equally singular and daring. Canaris, who seems to have occupied the author's mind in a degree inferior only to the great "*Lui*," figures here also. It was written in 1826, after the taking of Missolonghi by the Turks, at which time it was generally stated that the hero had fallen a victim before the fortress he had in vain attempted to relieve. M. Hugo imagines a dialogue, at the gate of the Seraglio, between the head of Canaris (transferred there), the head of the modern Leonidas, Marco Bozzari, whose body had been exhumated after the capture of Missolonghi, to supply the horrid trophy, (a fable by the bye!) and the head of Joseph, bishop of Rogous, who fell at Missolonghi, as a christian priest and patriot soldier. The dialogue is introduced by a description of the Seraglio, which is poetical, pretty, and not much *unlike* that melancholy and mysterious place. Canaris opens the conversation, and it might amuse the honest sailor to hear how well he can talk when his head is off—he who in his lifetime could *do*, but never *say*—who has ever been so deficient in oratory that, in spite of his brilliant services in the cause, his voice has never been listened to in council—so poor a hand at a speech or a description, that there was scarcely a cabin-boy on board his ships but could give a better account of his burning the Capitan Pasha off Scio, and of his other exploits of the like nature, than he, who conceived and executed all.

La première Voix (or Canaris)

Où suis-je...? mon brûlot! à la voile! à la rame!
Frères, Missolonghi fumante nous réclame,
Les Turcs ont investi ses remparts généreux.
Renvoyons leurs vaisseaux à leurs villes lointaines,
Et que ma torche, ô capitaines!
Soit un phare pour vous, soit un foudre pour eux!
Partons! Adieu Corinthe et ton haut promontoire,
Mers dont chaque rocher porte un nom de victoire,
Ecueils de l'Archipel sur tous les flots semés,
Belles îles des cieux et du printemps chéries,
Qui le jour paraissez des corbeilles fleuries,
La nuit, des vases parfumés!—*

* M. Hugo commits a mistake in making Canaris apostrophize the island of Hydra as his native place,—he is an Ipsariot. Had his advice been taken, the

In rather a long poem on the battle of Navarino, Canaris is again the object of M. Hugo's predilection. He invokes him—he bids him weep “like Crillon exiled from a combat,” that *he*—“the demon of the waters,” was not present at the grand and conclusive scene of blood, and fire, and Ottoman destruction.

Besides the Greek subjects, the “Orientales” contains poems on Turkish manners and superstitions—imitations of the Moresco-Spanish ballad, and certain other matter that can scarcely be called Eastern. In a piece entitled “the Djinns” (malignant spirits that preside at deaths, earthquakes, and the destruction of cities,) the author has taken such unprecedented liberties with French versification, that we *must* quote a few lines.

1.
Murs, ville,
Et port,
Asile
De mort
Mer grise
Où brise
La brise ;
Tout dort.

2.
Dans la plaine
Naît un bruit.
C'est l'haleine
De la nuit.
Elle brame
Comme une âme
Qu'une flamme
Toujours suit.

3.
La voix plus haute
Semble un grelot.—
D'un nain qui saute
C'est le galop :
Il fuit, s'élance,
Puis en cadence
Sur un pied dance
Au bout d'un flot.

4.
La rumeur approche ;
L'écho la redit.
C'est comme la cloche
D'un couvent maudit ;
Comme un bruit de foule,
Qui tonne et qui roule,
Et tantôt s'écroule
Et tantôt grandit.

5.
Dieu ! la voix sépulcrale
Des Djinns . . . ! Quel bruit ils font—
* * * * *
Cris de l'enfer ! voix qui hurle et qui pleure !
L'horrible essaim, poussé par l'aquilon,
Sans doute, ô ciel ! s'abat sur ma demeure.
* * * * *

This curious rhythm—these lines of a word—these bold attempts at imitative *harmony*—though not uncommon in Italian poetry, since the time of Redi's magnificent Dithyrambic, “Il Bacco in Toscana,” are great novelties in French.

One of the last and best poems in the volume, “*Lui*,” (the pronoun will require no comment) furnishes the following fine passage :—

Toujours lui ! lui partout !—ou brulante ou glacée,
Son image sans cesse ébranle ma pensée.
Il verse à mon esprit le souffle créateur.
Je tremble, et dans ma bouche abondent les paroles,
Quand son nom gigantesque, entouré d'auréoles,
Se dresse dans mon vers de toute sa hauteur.

bloody catastrophe at Ipsara, would have been prevented or delayed. He was for meeting the Turkish fleet with the brigs and brulots of the island. The more numerous party relied on a mercenary Albanian garrison, and lost all.

MARCH, 1829.

S

Là, je le vois, guidant l'obus aux bonds rapides ;
 Là, massacrant le peuple au nom des régicides ;
 Là, soldat, aux tribuns arrachant leurs pouvoirs ;
 Là, Consul jeune et fier, amaigri par des veilles
 Que des rêves d'empire emplissaient de merveilles
 Pâle sous ses longs cheveux noirs.

Puis, Empereur puissant, dont la tête s'incline,
 Gouvernant un combat du haut de la colline,
 Promettant une étoile à ses soldats joyeux,
 Faisant signes aux canons qui vomissent des flammes,
 De son âme à la guerre armant six cent mille âmes,
 Grave et serein, avec un éclair dans les yeux.

Puis, pauvre prisonnier, qu'on raille et qu'on tourmente,
 Croisant ses bras oisifs sur son sein qui fermente,
 En proie aux geôliers vils, comme un vil criminel,
 Vaincu, chauve, courbant son front noir de nuages,
 Promenant sur un roc où passent les orages
 Sa pensée, orage éternel.

* * * * *

CRIME, AND ITS PREVENTION.—No. I.

THIS is a very distressing subject, and we approach it with much pain. Not that we go along with those who believe the real increase of crime to be very great—the chief proportion of its apparent increase being, as we shall presently shew, attributable to the increase of population, and to the great number of cases now proceeded in, which were left alone before. But it is impossible to blind ourselves to the fact that a vast mass of crime does take place in this country—to diminish which must be an object most near the heart of every well-wisher of his species. We have before us the reports of two Committees of the House of Commons which sat last Session—one on the Police of the Metropolis, the other on Criminal Commitments and Convictions throughout England. To the former document we must for the present confine ourselves; inasmuch as the more immediate causes, and thence the remedies of crime, are so thoroughly different in London and in the country, that the considering both together would lead only to confusion. We shall hereafter give some attention to the other report we have mentioned—which will embrace the whole subject. And first as to the state of Crime,

The ultimate result of the enquiries of the Committee—all the minutiae of which are given in tables most ingeniously contrived, and elaborately worked out—is, that in the seven years ending 1827, as compared with the seven years ending 1817*, the annual increase of committals is 48 per cent.; and of convictions, 55. Against this the Committee set an increase in the population of the metropolis of 19 per cent.—leaving 36 per cent. still to be accounted for. If this were all attributed to the increase of depravity, it would be a very false

* These series were chosen as “commencing at the period at which the previous Population Returns had been completed.”

deduction. In the first place, a considerable portion of the increase has arisen from more active and general prosecution of petty offences. We shall quote the opinion of the Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions, on this—for this applies equally to London and the country:—

“Your Committee have much satisfaction in stating their confirmed opinion, that great part of the increase in the number of criminal commitments arises from other causes than the increase of crime. Offences which were formerly either passed over entirely, or were visited with a summary chastisement on the spot, are now made occasions of commitment to gaol and regular trial. Mr. Dealtry, a magistrate for the West Riding of the county of York, says, ‘I think one reason we may give for the increase of crime, or *the greater exhibition of it to public view*, is the seizure and delivery to the police of all those who commit offences, that are styled offences at all. I remember, in former days, persons were taken and pumped upon, or something of that sort; but now they are handed over to the police, and tried on it.’ Sir Thomas Baring, and other witnesses, gave a similar testimony. The Malicious Trespass Act, the Act for paying prosecutors their expenses in cases of misdemeanour, and other acts not necessary to mention, have tended to fill the prisons, without any positive increase of crime. The magistrates, likewise, are more ready to commit than they used to be; and the fees paid to their clerks are a temptation to bring before them every case of petty offence arising out of village squabbles, or trifling disorders.”—*Report from Select Committee on Criminal Commitments and Convictions*, p. 4.

Sir Thomas Baring, in his evidence, explains this last allusion, by saying, that the clerks of magistrates being paid by fees, the increase of business is an advantage to them, and that therefore they may be tempted to induce the constables to bring petty offences before the magistrates which otherwise would not be prosecuted. He does not “wish to state that it is positively the case”—but it is manifest from the tone of his evidence, that, though he does not *know* an individual instance, he believes such a practice to exist. And, indeed, it is natural that it should. This is a petty instance of the abominable system, of which we shall shew the darker effects presently, which pervades the whole of our criminal jurisprudence,—the making it, namely, the interest of those whose business it is to suppress crime that crime should exist.

It is to be observed—and the observation is most consolatory, that the whole of the increase of crime has been among the petty offences—small thefts especially. The darker class has greatly decreased;—crimes against the person, and all crimes of violence and ferocity are fewer. There never was a time at which the lives and persons of the community were so safe. The increase has been wholly among the minor order of thefts—and, we think, both these results can easily be attributed to their real causes.

The decrease of violence is immediately deducible from the progress of civilization. As the minds of men are cultivated, their fiercer passions decline, and they cease to commit crimes springing from such sources. All the more violent impulses of human nature are softened

and extinguished by education. Even in its present early state, it has been able to do this—may we not hope that, as it advances to maturity, its moralizing effects will extend into wider ramifications?

The increase of the lower order of larcenies may likewise be traced to the progress of civilization—in a different branch of its effects. We mean to the increase of wealth, and especially of that description of property which is much exposed, and easily removed and disposed of. More things are stolen than formerly;—Granted. But, besides the fact of there being more people to steal, there are more things to *be* stolen. The temptation has increased, and with it the degree of crime.

With regard to London, the following passage from Mr. Alderman Wood's evidence is well worth attention:—

Adverting to the great increase in the number of commitments within the last two years, has your attention been called to the subject, and can you state your views with respect to the causes of that increase?—In the first instance, I do not think there is a very great increase of crime; that there is an increase of commitments, of course, is very evident; but I will state how I think those commitments arise. There is a very extraordinary change in the mode of trying prisoners in the city of London within the last four or five years, by two courts sitting at the same time in the Old Bailey; we had formerly sessions that lasted nineteen days; I had it in my shrievalty. We now scarcely ever exceed about five or six days; we sometimes have done in four days, but six days is about the number; and we hardly ever get into the sixth day, except it is a very heavy sessions. I think that the people are induced very much to prosecute in consequence of this arrangement; they will come to the sessions, and will look at the list that is arranged for that day, and they see that they shall be called that day or the following day, and in consequence of their time being so little occupied they are induced to come and give evidence; whereas, in the former times to which I have alluded, I have known persons from Brentford, from Uxbridge, and from the districts around as far as Middlesex extends, kept a fortnight, and I have known them kept so long that they have been quite worn out. I therefore conclude, that on those occasions they would of course avoid coming as much as they possibly could, it broke so much upon their general business. Now, I say, that is, in my opinion, one very considerable cause for the commitments being more than they used to be.—On account of the greater facility of the administration of justice?—Yes.

But, however different minds may vary in their conclusions as to the degree in which crime can be said to have increased, there is no doubt that its actual extent is painfully great. We shall now, therefore, proceed to state what, from a diligent attention to the subject, appear to us to be the principal causes of crime, and what remedies we believe to be most likely to have effect.

One of the first great causes of crime, as nearly all who give their evidence before the Committee seem to agree, is the laxity in which children are bred in London. It appears that boys are allowed to run about the streets, congregating together in numbers, and indulging in all manner of bad habits, but more especially in *gaming*. Then, regular thieves get hold of them, and train them by degrees to crime. "I know," says Mr. Wontner, the very respectable and intelligent keeper of Newgate, "from enquiry both of the boys and other persons who are competent to give me information upon it, that there is a regular system of nurture by the old thieves of the young lads." The

object of these persons is, that they may have thefts committed by proxy, and thereby reap the benefit without running the risk.

The extent to which this system is carried is something awful. A very large proportion of the increase of crime is committed by young offenders—boys from eight years of age to sixteen. The Committee appear to have devoted a great deal of their attention to this subject. The following part of Sir Richard Birnie's evidence merits attention in itself—and we wish to make a few comments on the plan which he proposes:—

Are there not gangs of young boys who subsist by depredation?—Yes. —Do not you think it might be of advantage, if there were established some tribunal that was almost permanently sitting, which disposed of cases of that kind; the question refers to cases of simple larceny committed by young offenders?—It would have an excellent effect; for they are kept so long in prison between session and session, that they come out more depraved than they went in.—Do not you think there is a great evil in committing a young boy to Newgate for simple larceny, and leaving him two months before he is brought to trial?—Very great, to Newgate or any other prison.—Do not you think, if there was a separate prison established for the reception of persons of that kind, and they were brought to trial as soon as it was possible to bring them to trial, consistently with affording them an opportunity of making their defence, and of getting together all the evidence, and that afterwards they were immediately sent to suffer whatever punishment might be inflicted upon them, that that would have a material effect in checking the progress of crime?—Very material.—In what way would you advise that young boys should be punished?—I am sorry in this country to say so, but I should recommend a little flogging at a certain age.*—You think transportation is not a fit punishment for a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age?—I am talking of those at nine and ten.—Do you conceive that transportation is a proper punishment for a boy below the age of fifteen?—A great many of them would like to go, there are such excellent accounts of the climate and country, that I believe they deem it no punishment at all:† the training up of boys is a great evil; now it will appear very strange, that there were last night, and it will be the same to night, perhaps from ten to fifteen or eighteen boys sleeping under the green stalls in Covent Garden, who dare not go home without money, sent out by their parents, to beg ostensibly, but to steal if they can get it; and I have reason to believe, although I do not wish to interfere with the city, that it is the same in Fleet market, and other markets, little urchins that I have taken, out at night, with no home to go to, or if they have, they dare not go home under sixpence, and then those boys become a prey to older boys, and so organized gangs are established; to get away those boys before they are completely contaminated would be a great national object; I would venture to say thievery could be

* Mr. Wontner, who has every opportunity of judging of how prisoners regard punishments, says that the boys do dread flogging more than anything else, but that "they soon forget it afterwards." He attributes the same absence of permanency to the effects of the system of flogging altogether.

† Mr. Wontner agrees in thinking that boys do not dread transportation, but he ascribes strongly contrary feelings to grown people. They dread, above everything, separation from their friends and relations, and this makes them, when under sentence of transportation, use every influence, and conduct themselves as well as possible, to be sent to the Penitentiary or the Hulks, instead of to New South Wales. We are glad to have this fact given on such testimony; for, we confess, we had begun to fall into the opinion, evidently shared by some members of the committee, that Botany Bay was fast losing its terrors. Mr. Wontner speaks with the utmost confidence to the contrary.

cut up by the roots.—Can you suggest any way of trying and punishing those persons, which shall afford the prospect of immediate trial and summary punishment, and at the same time give them the advantage of a trial by jury?—No, I do not think I could combine the two; but I am talking of those children from the age of eight to twelve; that if they could be taken even from their parents when they are found in the streets; and put into some asylum, where they could be trained up to industry, it would be an immense thing, and then the gangs would want recruits, and would fall to decay.—How could you compel them to enter into an institution of that kind, without having some evidence of their having committed a crime?—There is an unrepealed Act of Anne, which authorizes a magistrate, with the consent of the churchwardens of the parish where the delinquent is found, who either begs, or his parents beg, who cannot give a proper account of himself, to bind that boy to the sea service; but the great objection is, that nobody will take him. Now my plan would be this, and it would not be expensive, neither would government have much to do with it, to get a good old roomy Indiaman, and moor her off Woolwich, and to put in her a master and a superannuated gunner and carpenter, whom government must otherwise provide for, and to bind these boys to those men; and after they had been three years under the discipline of such men as those, every merchantman would be glad to take them.—You propose that they should be sent to a hulk instead of being bound to the sea service?—Bound to the gentlemen that should have the command of the hulk, to instruct them either in seamanship, or as carpenters or gunners, or to be properly brought up to the sea service.—You are speaking of boys that have committed no offence?—I am speaking of boys that have never been before a magistrate. I want to begin at the root of the evil, those poor children that have not been before a magistrate at all would not be very numerous: but I venture to say it would stop the recruiting service with those gangs.

We have in a former number (for January, p. 71) expressed some doubt whether Sir Richard Birnie's construction of the statute of Anne be correct. But this matters not; supposing any measure of the kind to be adopted, it would be right to have an act of Parliament expressly for the purpose. And we are strongly inclined to think that, under proper regulations, such powers might be very advantageously applied. Mr. Alderman Wood seems to have looked minutely into this point; and his experience of the whole system in the city is almost unparalleled:—on these subjects we think his evidence entitled to great attention:—

Supposing that a number of those boys were instructed in the rudiments of seamanship, in climbing up the rigging of a vessel, and in making ropes, and in carpenter's work; do not you think that the boys are of that age and of that description, that they could be usefully employed on board King's ships?—I have no doubt that it would be very useful, if arrangements could be made to take those boys off as the Marine Society do; but they are now very guarded about the morals of the boys they take, because they have such a choice, and they will not take our thieving boys; in the time of war we got off a great many, but now they will not take the bad boys.—Do you think there is such a deep taint of depravity in their characters that, if they were submitted to a discipline of a couple of years, and were completely separated from their associates previously to their being sent on board a ship, there is any reason whatever why they should not be made very useful seamen?—Quite so; I think that more than three-fourths of those boys might be saved by some arrangement of that sort, where they might be placed so that they could be made, some time or other, useful members of society.

We should be very glad that some such plan should be adopted. We confess we do not exactly see why the system should be confined to the sea-service: there is no great lack, we believe, of men to man the ships in the merchant-service, which of course would be those to which these lads would most commonly be sent: we do not see why the principle might not be generalized—unless, indeed, that might be considered to be likely to “make the food it fed on,” and bring boys into the streets on purpose to be thus provided for, while the idea of the sea-service would probably not be very popular at first, although the individuals would, we doubt not, thoroughly become reconciled to it after a time. Some care should be taken, in drawing up the act, to define with accuracy who should be subject to it—but we have no doubt that it would not be very difficult to draw the line so as to prevent its being a means of oppression. There could be scarcely any motive, and the regulations might easily prevent any such tendency.

There is also another plan, with reference to the young offenders, which seems to be universally approved of—viz., establishing a distinct gaol for them, “in which they should be classed, not altogether according to their age, but according to their characters, and the offences with which they were charged.” The Committee directly recommend this: but they add alternatives of hulks or a ward of the Penitentiary, in the event that “considerations of expense” should postpone or prevent the construction of such a prison. We cannot understand that such considerations should be taken into account for a moment. The first duty of every society is to reduce crime as much as possible; and, surely, looking at the things for which we do consider ourselves rich enough, we should hope we are not too poor to take steps which all conversant with the subject declare they believe would tend greatly towards the diminution of crime. For every reason, no cost should be spared to reduce this branch of criminals. It is nothing short of awful to think of youth being thus devoted by their elders to the acquisition of guilty skill;—of so large a portion of those among whom we live being reared from their childhood to pass a life of constant misdoing and evil. We have no doubt that something of the nature of the measures we have just mentioned would be most strongly efficacious in correcting so revolting a system; and they ought to be set to work upon forthwith.

There is another measure, with reference to the young class of offenders, which, though not exactly proposed by the Committee, is often alluded to in the evidence—namely, that, for slight offences, magistrates might be allowed summarily to convict, and order immediate corporal punishment in lieu of sending the boy to gaol. This would require mature deliberation on more than one point: in the first place, as to corporal punishment at all. The evidence differs considerably as to the effect of this. We have already seen Mr. Wontner’s opinion—that it is much feared at the moment, but little remembered; and Mr. Cope, the City Marshal, says, he believes its tendency in every case is to harden; and that he thinks it “a bad plan” with regard to all. Moreover, the placing the jury’s office in the hands of a magistrate should be deeply weighed before it be adopted. We extract the following striking answer from the evidence of the Hon. Captain Waldegrave, (R. N.) a magistrate for Somersetshire, before the Committee, on criminal commitments in the country generally. It had been asked

him, not directly with reference to children, whether it would not be advisable to give to magistrates the power of summary conviction, for petty thefts, and other small offences—on the grounds of avoiding the evil communication in gaol, of saving the expense of prosecution, and of sparing the offender the exposure for a crime, which scarcely deserved it. Captain Waldegrave answers:—"I think it would; but it is a most formidable power to give to us magistrates.—How would it be likely to be abused?—*From our own passions*: I think that we sometimes get irritated with offenders."—This is a fine, manly, sensible answer. We should not be in the least afraid to trust the man who made it with such power; but local influences, and many other causes would require us to pause considerably before we gave it to every two magistrates throughout the country.

As regards boys in London, if the prison were built for them which has been spoken of above, the evil of remaining in that a short time longer would not be sufficiently great to render the risks attending the summary conviction advisable. We would however, extend the frequency with which the sessions are held in London and Middlesex to the whole district, whether in Kent, Surrey, or Essex, over which the general police establishment, of which the reader will hear presently, extended*.

We cannot close that part of the subject which relates to youthful criminals without just extracting the following *fact* from Alderman Wood's evidence. We have most self-denyingly restrained ourselves from entering into the subject of education, as regards crime. We think, therefore, we may be permitted to repay ourselves a little by the following quotation:—

I wish to make an observation with reference to a statement which was made by a magistrate a few days ago; that, in his opinion, the circumstance of boys congregating together in the National schools tended to produce crime. Now, I have belonged to one of those public schools, of which the late Mr. Whitbread was the founder, where 7,000 children have been educated, and I can state that there has been no instance of any one of them being brought up for trial, either in Middlesex or in the city of London. I have enquired most minutely in every possible way, and that is the result of my enquiries; and I think that the employment of six hours a day, which they have in that school, is a very material check to crime.

Bravo the schoolmaster!

* This is eight times a year. The Committee seem to labour under some error on this point. "There is also another measure which has been pressed upon the attention of your Committee, as likely to promote every improvement that may be introduced in Police arrangements, and therefore they the more readily recommend it to the serious and favorable attention of the House. The measure thus alluded to is the holding more frequently Sessions of the Peace within the Metropolis and neighbouring Districts, at which all such prisoners as are usually tried at the Quarter Sessions may be disposed of. Your Committee are assured, that no impediment is opposed to the adoption of such a measure in Surrey, Kent, and Essex; and that the point of form which prevents the county of Middlesex from immediately participating in the advantage, might be without difficulty removed. The benefits that would result from abridging the period between the apprehension and trial of all, and more particularly of juvenile offenders, cannot but be evident." Now the Sessions in London, Westminster, and Middlesex, are held eight times a year,—and as applied to them, we do not understand the use of the term Quarter Sessions. Whether the period should be made monthly is a question worthy consideration.

We now come to the consideration of the state of our prisons—and, really, it would almost seem that the object of their existence was to serve as academies for crime. We feel that if we were thoroughly to go into this part of the subject, it would of itself be sufficient to make an article, which, perhaps, we shall do in a month or two. Our readers may, therefore, take our word, and that of the Committee, who have visited, in subdivisions, every gaol in the metropolis, that their condition is as bad, as regards their tendencies to corrupt, and to continue corruption, as it is possible for even a fertile imagination to conceive. The evidence of Mr. Wontner, the able keeper of Newgate, is most striking. From its physical deficiencies—and several regulations, not made in the prison but affecting it directly, and which ought to be, and might be at once removed,—it is a very nursery of guilt. And, as you read, it is impossible not to reflect, if it be thus under a man so evidently sensible and humane, what would it not be under a worse governor!—Taking, therefore, the prisons at as low a pitch as possible*, we proceed.

It is said, that the reducing the duty on spirits has, by lowering the price of gin, been an assistance to the increase of crime. We confess, we hate as a principle any other interference with food than that which has a view to the revenue:—the heightening of the duties would, it is true, be on the surface a “money-bill,”—but its object, in this instance, would be the reduction of consumption. We are always very loth, in all cases, to admit of any exception to the application of a sound principle; but, knowing how impossible it is to deny the fact of the hideous consequences which indulgence in that which, with a tone of prophetic jesting almost revolting, they have themselves called their “Ruin,” we cannot but desire that obstacles should be thrown in the way of the great consumption of gin by the lower classes in London.

But the houses where this physical and moral poison is imbibed are productive of more evil than even that poison itself. Oyster-houses, coffee-shops, and flash-houses of every description, are dens for the refuge and the meeting of thieves:—they afford them means of planning robberies, and facilities to dispose of the goods afterwards. That this system should have been more than connived at—almost sanctioned by the police, we can consider nothing short of a disgrace. The absurd fallacy, that it gives the officers means of knowing the principal thieves, no one dared defend before the Committee, on the ground of necessity, when the question was directly put—and yet the magistrates have suffered such courses to continue flourishing under their very nose. The Committee speak strongly, in their report, upon this question:—

Of the evils that prevail in counteraction of every plan and regulation that has for its object the improvement of the habits of the lower classes, none works with more dreadful certainty than the obscure houses which are opened in every part of the town under various designations, but better known under the comprehensive term of “Flash Houses;” they are the resort of notorious thieves, of professed gamblers, of idle and dissolute persons

* We do not mean as to food, hardship, &c.—the grounds complained of some years ago. That is all on a very different footing now;—we allude to the arrangements which tend to render and keep the immorality of the prisoners fearful.

of both sexes, are frequently kept without licence, and never in conformity to the provisions enacted by law; from the penalties of which, it has been proved to your Committee, that the keepers become secured by their annual contributions to common informers, and by the accustomed negligence or connivance of the public and parochial authorities.

To these sinks of profligacy and dissipation your Committee learnt with concern that sundry police officers are (as has been stated to have been the case in former times) in the habit of resorting, under the specious pretext that their object is to see, and to become acquainted with the persons of public depredators, in order that they may the more readily counteract them when in the pursuit of plunder, and secure their persons when become amenable to law. But none of the Justices, and scarce any of the officers have defended the practice on the score of necessity. Your Committee therefore trust that the Magistrates will be required to take decisive and effectual steps for the suppression of this long-endured nuisance, by the prosecution of every unlicensed victualler, and by compelling those that are licensed, to observe such good rule and order as can alone warrant the renewal of their licence. Motives of equity towards the licensed and orderly publican claim such an exercise of magisterial authority; motives of sound policy towards the community at large prohibit any licence or act, be it of commission or omission, that can serve as a cloak or a protection to a disorderly publican.

The real result of this system, as regards the police officers is, that it affords means for a familiarity between them and the thieves, in every way, direct and indirect, conducive to crime. It gives, as it were, official sanction to the doings of these ruffians, unless in some particular instance for which they may be "wanted" at the moment; and—which is the chief evil—it enables the officers to enter into a regular system of composition with the thieves; sometimes, perhaps, for information against each other, but chiefly for the restoration of goods to the owners, in consideration of a certain per centage. That this last system must have the most direct tendency to foster crime, and that of the worst sort—crime, namely, put upon a regular, systematic, tradesman-like footing, is, we think, as manifest, as that one and one make two. The Committee have given a very large share of their attention to this:—

Your Committee have assiduously directed their attention to those compromises for the restitution of stolen property, which general rumour and belief had represented so often to have taken place. They regret to say, that their enquiries have proved such compromises to have been negotiated with an unchecked frequency and under an organized system, far beyond what had been supposed to exist.

Your Committee have deemed it advisable, for obvious reasons, not to annex the evidence relating to this subject; but they are very desirous, by stating the general result, to impress upon the Government and the Legislature the necessity of some effectual stop to this increasing evil. These compromises have generally been negotiated by solicitors or police officers, or by both, with the plotters of the robbery, and receivers; or, as they are commonly called, "the Putters-up," and "Fences." These persons have usually planned the robbery, found the means, purchased the information necessary, and employed the actual thieves as their agents; themselves running no material risk.

Considerable sums have been paid to regain this property by the parties robbed, generally stipulated to be paid in cash, for fear of the clue to discovery of those concerned that notes might give. These sums have been

apportioned, mostly by a per centage on the value of the property lost ; but modified by a reference to the nature of the securities or goods, and to the facility of circulating or disposing of them with profit and safety.

The report then proceeds to give a detail of instances which have occurred with reference to the depredations committed upon bankers. It is unnecessary for us to go into these details—but the number and amount are startling.

The Committee seem not to be by any means satisfied with the evidence of some of the magistrates on this head. Sir Richard Birnie says unqualifiedly (Report, p. 11.) that he thinks it impossible these practices could exist to any extent without the knowledge of the magistrates ; and Mr. Halls (p. 12.) as distinctly, though not quite as directly, to the same effect. The Committee, however, do get the most undeniable proof that they were carried to the extent of *being a system* :—

Your Committee having discovered, that through those years compromises have repeatedly taken place by the intervention of police officers, and a regular system to facilitate them has been gradually maturing, conceive it is incumbent upon Government to exact from the Magistrates a more vigilant and intelligent superintendence generally, and more active enquiries whenever suspicion shall arise.

Your Committee think it right to state, that, however readily the officers of Bow-street and the City police have undertaken the negotiation of these compromises, they seem in some instances to have been induced to it without a corrupt or dishonest motive ; and individuals of them have been satisfied with a much less sum for effecting the compromise, than the reward offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties. Suspicion has arisen in one case, that 800*l.* more was received by the officer who negotiated than the thieves asked or received ; and in another, 50*l.* was paid to procure restitution of 500*l.*, and neither the 500*l.* nor the 50*l.* were ever restored. In no case, however, does it appear in evidence, that any one of them stipulated for a reward beforehand ; nor connived at the escape of a thief ; nor negotiated a compromise when he possessed any clue that might lead to the detection of the guilty*. Your Committee have before adverted to the ignorance in which the Magistrates appear to have been kept as to these practices by their officers. It should seem from the evidence of Sir Richard Birnie, that they only suppose a very small number of compromises to have taken place, and those through the medium of attornies. Looking, however, to the regular system and undisturbed security with which the officers acted, it would not be strange if they should have conceived that the Magistrates did not disapprove ; and entertaining the same opinion as Sir Richard Birnie, "that the Magistrates must have means of detecting them," should have thought them disinclined to interfere, unless some unlucky publicity forced these practices upon their notice. It has been distinctly asserted to your Committee by officers, that they had the sanction of higher persons of their establishment for engaging in such negotiations. This, however, has been as distinctly contradicted ; but that a belief in the connivance of the Magistrates has existed, is corroborated by the evidence of an officer long retired from Bow-street, and on whom no such charge has been fixed. He has said, "If the men who have been before this Committee had been cautioned by the Magistrates not to interfere in any such thing, I am convinced that part of these men would never have interfered ; they have thought they were doing a good thing for the parties losing the property, and that no notice would be taken of it."

* It was scarcely possible that such things should appear in evidence, when the witnesses were the parties concerned.—ED.

We may seem to be dwelling too long upon this part of the subject—but we do most thoroughly believe, and our conviction is completely in accordance with that of the Committee, that this system of composition, in alliance with that of receiving, is productive of an exceedingly large proportion of the heavier order of crimes against property. The following passage of the report contains such curious facts, accompanied by remarks of such admirable good sense, that we are tempted to extract it at length, more especially as the Reports of the Committees of the House of Commons, not being published, do not usually come into the hands of general readers. The Committee, after recommending severe provisions against all parties concerned in compounding felony,—including to a certain extent the owner of the lost goods himself, proceed thus:—

Your Committee are well aware that it may seem severe to proceed with rigour against an act, which at first sight contains nothing repugnant to honesty; namely, helping an owner to regain, or he himself regaining the property of which he has been robbed. But their enquiries have entirely convinced them, that the frequency of these seemingly blameless transactions has led to the organization of a system which undermines the security of all valuable property, *which gives police officers a direct interest that robberies to a large amount should not be prevented*; and which has established a set of “putters-up,” and “Fences,” with means of evading, if not defying, the arm of the law; who are wealthy enough, if large rewards are offered for their detection, to double them for their impunity; and who would in one case have given 1000*l.* to get rid of a single witness. Some of these persons ostensibly carry on a trade; one, who had been tried formerly for robbing a coach afterwards carried on business as a Smithfield drover, and died, worth, it is believed, 15,000*l.* Your Committee could not ascertain how many of these persons there are at present, but four of the principal have been pointed out. One was lately the farmer of one of the greatest turnpike trusts in the Metropolis. He was formerly tried for receiving the contents of a stolen letter, and as a receiver of tolls employed by him was also tried for stealing that very letter, being then a postman, it is not too much to infer that the possession of these turnpikes is not unserviceable for the purposes of depredation. Another has, it is said, been a surgeon in the army. The two others of the four have no trade, but live like men of property; and one of these, who appears to be the chief of the whole set, is well known on the turf, and is stated, on good grounds, to be worth 30,000*l.* Three of these notorious deprecators were let out of custody, as before stated, when there was a fair prospect of identifying and convicting them. It is alarming to have observed how long these persons have successfully carried on their plans of plunder; themselves living in affluence and apparent respectability, bribing confidential servants to betray the transactions of their employers, possessing accurate information as to the means and precautions by which valuable parcels are transmitted; then corrupting others to perpetrate the robberies planned in consequence, and finally receiving, by means of these compromises, a large emolument, with secure impunity to themselves and their accomplices. It is scarcely necessary to point out the difficulties which must obstruct these persons, even after they may have amassed a fortune in betaking themselves to any honest pursuit. This, your Committee have evidence, is deeply felt by themselves; and the fear of being betrayed by their confederates, should they desert them, and of becoming objects for sacrifice by the police, to whom they at present consider themselves of use, leaves little hope of any stop to their career, but by detection and justice. The owners of stolen property have thus purchased indemnity for present losses, by strengthening

and continuing a system, which re-acts upon themselves and the community by reiterated depredations, committed with almost certain success and safety. Your Committee believe they have not drawn a stronger picture than the evidence before them warrants; and whatever measures may be necessary to abolish such a system, such measures, however severe, should be provided.

This leads us at once to the consideration of the proposed measures for the remodelling the Police. We have put one sentence into Italics from its being almost word for word what we have said before we saw this report. In our Diary for last December, in commenting upon the burglaries in the outskirts of London which then prevailed so much, in speaking of the pay of the Police Officers being so miserably scanty—five-and-twenty shillings a week*,—we use the following expressions:—"When we consider what they are called upon to do in the case of an extensive robbery, executed with skill, such a salary as this manifestly *necessitates* their being otherwise rewarded. They are, and they must be, paid by the job. Now, it is impossible there can be a more evil principle than this. It is giving the officers of police a direct interest in the commission of crime."

It is, however, quite natural that so clear and immediate a conclusion should find expression in almost the same words. That the system *is* a direct premium to the officers of police not to prevent crime is manifest; and yet it has continued in action up to the present time. We cannot blame the public—or that portion of it in particular who would, we doubt not, have interfered—for it was impossible to *conceive* that such a thing should be—and nobody told them. If the gentleman from whom we learned that one pound, five shillings, by the week, formed the pay given to the superior police officers, had not been one whose veracity and means of information are unquestionable, we really should have doubted whether so ingenious a contrivance for the creation of crime could have existed in the metropolis of Great Britain in the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

This brings us at once to the great statistical remedy which is proposed by the Committee, and which, if undertaken on the scale, and with the regulations of detail, that are fitting, will, we have very strong confidence, tend most greatly to diminish crime in London and its neighbourhood. This is a total remodelling of the present system of police, including the nightly watch. The evidence on this last point proves, beyond the shadow of a question, the total inefficiency of this watch, in the great majority of parishes; and where there is, as in the instance of Mary-le-bone, one which makes its establishment effective, it only relieves itself at the expense of its neighbour, which may be ill-watched. Unanimity is the great desideratum in matters of police. The jurisdiction of such an office ending here, and the limit of such a parish being there, throw the greatest impediments in the way of justice. We shall extract the greater portion of the outline of the plan given by the committee, and then make a few comments upon it of our own:—

Your Committee trust that they have now established, as they proposed to

* We expressed in a note that we were so startled at this, that we should not have given credit to it, only that our information was derived from a police-magistrate. We now find that it was given in evidence before this Committee.

establish, from authority of previous Committees, and from the evidence as to recent facts, that there is a strong presumption in favour of a material change in the system of police which at present exists in the metropolis and its neighbourhood. The interval that has elapsed since the examinations of your Committee were concluded, has not been sufficient to enable them to mature a detailed arrangement, to be substituted in lieu of the present. But they are strongly inclined to recommend a plan, of which the following suggestions contain the general outline:—That there should be constituted an office of police acting under the immediate directions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, upon which should be devolved the general control over the whole of the establishments of police of every denomination, including the nightly watch: that the immediate superintendence of this department should extend over a circumference comprising the whole of that thickly inhabited district which may be considered to include the metropolis and its environs: that the Magistrates attached to this office should be relieved from the discharge of those ordinary duties which necessarily occupy so much of the time of the present police Magistrates; and that they should be the centre of an intimate and constant communication with the other police offices on all matters relating to the disturbance of the public peace, and to the commission of all offences of a serious character. Your Committee is fully aware of the difficulty of interfering with the discretion of Magistrates in the performance of any duties of a strictly judicial nature. Magistrates are immediately responsible to the law for the exercise of the power committed to them in the ordinary administration of justice, and must be left to act according to the best of their judgment, uncontrolled in this respect by any extrinsic authority. But the police Magistrate in a great city, may be considered as an executive as well as a judicial officer; and one of the chief advantages of the establishment of a head office of police would consist, in the opinion of your Committee, in its possessing a general superintending authority in matters of police, which should remedy the inconvenience that at present results from the independent and unconnected action of the several police offices. Your Committee are disposed to recommend, that the entire control over the nightly watch should be assumed by this department, not immediately and simultaneously, but gradually; and that the powers which are now exercised with respect to the nightly watch, either by parish vestries or by Commissioners or Trustees appointed by local acts, should be continued to be exercised until an efficient substitute in each case shall have been provided, subject to such modifications as may be thought advisable. That authority should be given to the department of police to direct the discontinuance of the parochial watch in any parish, on certifying to the proper authorities of that parish that arrangements had been made for the due performance of the duties theretofore assigned to the watch. Your Committee are of opinion, that the public funds ought to continue to be charged with the amount of the expense not less than that to which they are at present subject on account of the police establishment of the metropolis, and that the charge which will be incurred by the increase of that establishment, at least as far as it can be considered as contributing to local protection, ought to be a local charge, to be defrayed, according to certain principles to be hereafter determined, by the parishes or districts included within the superintendence of the new police. There will be a manifest advantage in considering the whole force, of whatever denomination it may consist, as one united establishment, in introducing an efficient system of control and inspection through a regular gradation of intermediate authorities, and in holding out every inducement to good conduct, by giving promotion as much as possible to the deserving officers.

In the benefit arising from a general establishment of this nature, it is impossible, we think, not to agree. There are not above one or

two of the witnesses who do not express the strongest confidence in its success. One of them (Sir Thomas Farquhar) carries his sense of the evil of petty parochial divisions so far, that he even wishes the paving and lighting, as well as the watching, to be under the same general controul. We confess we would not divert the attention of the general office to such minute matters. Lighting has something to say to the prevention of crime, and this head-establishment, whatever name it might bear, should have a summary power to prevent any neglect of the parish on that score—but really there are no more robberies committed on a roughly-paved street than on a smooth one. Sir Thomas shewed plainly enough that where, as is often the case, one half of a street was longitudinally in one parish, and one in another, the line of demarcation might be much more correctly called that where they separate than that where they unite. But we cannot but consider this a little beside the question of crime, and its prevention.

The other parts, however, of Sir Thomas's evidence, which is nearly all with reference to this question of generalization, is very sound and sensible.

Mr. Frederick Byng—who seems to have taken the most active part in the management of the watch of St. George's parish*,—and who gave a great many very valuable details is also most strongly of opinion that a general board would be a most essential improvement. But we need not go into the opinions of individuals, except to notice their great unanimity on this point. It is a matter of principle, as is apparent at once.

We hope, then, that a general establishment will be formed on a grand, sound, and extensive scale. Let there be one chief establishment, with an able officer at its head; the jurisdiction to extend to such distance around London, as may, upon detailed investigation, be fixed upon. Let there be as many minor divisions as local circumstances of every description may render desirable. Let there be a corps of police officers, in different grades, so as to afford hope of promotion, but all amply paid, to put them above temptation; and, perhaps, an extra reward upon crimes involving property to a certain amount, would be advisable. The night-watch should be one branch of this corps,—responsible only to the division of the establishment in which its locality might place it, and wholly unconnected with the parish. The parishes, however, as is recommended by the Committee, should be rated for this protection—and they seem to think that the amount would not be greater than that they at present pay for so much worse a system. Those parishes in the outskirts, which have either an irregular or no arrangement of this nature, would, of course, have to contribute to the fund from which the expenses of this branch of the officers would be defrayed. For ourselves, however, we really think that in a matter of such vast national moment, as the due prevention of crime in the metropolis, "pecuniary considerations" should not be allowed to have any very great weight.

* Having come in rotation upon the committee of watch, he most laudably determined to exert himself, and appears to have been of the utmost service.

The Committee, it will have been seen, recommend that the magistrates "should be relieved from the discharge of those ordinary duties which necessarily occupy so much of the time of the present police magistrates." We conclude this means those matters which all magistrates, as such, may be called upon to attend to—but which are foreign from the duties of the police. This, we think, is very advisable. The establishment should, indeed, be in the nature of a *Lieutenancy of Police*—but, for many reasons, had better have a thoroughly English name. If, indeed, there were the remotest possibility that a system of preventive police, upon the principle of which the reader is now in possession, would tend to infringe upon what every one must respect under the term of "the liberty of the subject," we trust it is unnecessary for us to assure our readers, that nothing could induce us to advocate any such thing. But if anything approaching to a fair consideration of the subject be given to it, we have no shadow of doubt that the conviction the mind of the enquirers will come to, will be, that all honest folks will live in much greater security and peace, and that no liberty will be meddled with—except that of thieves.

The details of this proposed system are not entered into by the Committee, nor in so general a document as a report must necessarily be was it to be expected they should*. We hope, however, that (if anything *can* be attended to this Session but the Catholic Question) a few of its members will sit in council together, and, proceeding to exert the same admirable spirit which distinguishes their report, with the same industry and skill of detail for which the documents they have framed are singularly remarkable, bring in a bill for the regulation of the Police of the Metropolis, which shall gain the country's grateful thanks to every one concerned in its production.

Here we pause:—our purport is next to digest and investigate the report from the Committee on crime, in the remainder of England and Wales.—And, at the close, when we look at the subject in the mass, it is probable we may find need to say a few words on the hopes which may be formed of a gradual, but effectual, amelioration of morals through the means of Education.

* One thing we may just mention. The Committee shrink from touching the exclusive jurisdiction of the city. We are quite aware that that respected enclosure is free from very many of the objections urged against the circumjacent territory—and that it has latterly shewn a disposition to improve. Still, we confess, we do not like *imperium in imperio*, even though the interior imperium be excellent. The civic authorities, the other day, refused to agree to a proposal that the warrants of the city and the county should run reciprocally into each. This is exactly in point.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STATISTICS.

WE have adverted in former numbers to the deficiencies and inaccuracies of our statistical inquiries and documents, and we observed that our continental neighbours excel us in this essential branch of political science. Among statistical writers, Dupin, Maltebrun, and Balbi, stand prominent. The latter, an Italian long resident at Paris, published in 1822 an excellent statistical work on the kingdom of Portugal, and he has since undertaken a similar work on France. One of his countrymen, Gioia of Piacenza, has lately written an important work on the science itself, under the title of 'The Philosophy of Statistics*,' in which he undertakes to fix its principles, course, and limits. Gioia was already known as the writer of several works on political economy; and he had, while employed in the administration of the kingdom of Italy, prepared models of tables which were to compose a complete statistical description of all the parts of the state. But the plan was considered as too vast, and was never executed. He has now collected and embodied his principles in the present work, on what we may call the theory of the science.

Our author defines the science of statistics to consist in collecting, classifying, and comparing those facts which influence the economy of a country and the condition of its inhabitants, and in distinguishing between those that are uncontrollable by man, and those which are susceptible of alteration. Statistics has its fixed principles, its axioms, according to which certain causes will always produce certain effects; and this is what Gioia has demonstrated against the assertion of Say, who, in his "*Traité d'Economie Politique*," having confounded permanent statistics with annual reports, had pronounced somewhat hastily, that "statistical descriptions, even supposing them to be perfectly accurate at the moment of their being collected, are no longer so by the time they are consulted." In these words, observes Gioia, there is a manifest error, which is contradicted by a thousand facts. Among statistical agencies there are many and most important ones, which will continue as long as the present system of our globe. There are others which cannot undergo alteration but after a period of ages, which period may be ascertained by calculation. Lastly, we have other agents which are liable to vicissitudes, though seldom sudden or unforeseen. The advantages of statistical knowledge are not confined to statesmen and political economists; they affect all classes of citizens, and concern every individual who has an interest in the welfare of his nation.

In the distribution of his work, Gioia first places topography—which includes the latitude of a country, its geographical position, its extent, and geodetical surface, its geology and hydraulics, and its atmosphere and climate. In the second part he treats of popu-

* *Filosofia della Statistica*, esposta da Melchiorre Gioia. 2 vols. 8vo., Milano. 1827.

lation and all its phenomena. He afterwards considers the productions and industry of the country, then its institutions, finances, and administration; and, lastly, the character and habits of the people, *influenced as they are by all the causes above enumerated.* The latter sentence explains in fact the object of statistics. Whatever influences permanently the physical and moral condition of a country or nation, ought to be noticed in a complete statistical account of the same. It is upon such information that the legislator and the political economist must frame their plans of administration, and establish their measures for the improvement of the community. Statistics are to political science what the principles of drawing and perspective are to painting and architecture. The proper definition and arrangement of the signs and value of statistical elements would save much waste labour, and loads of useless papers covered with figures, which the agents of government transmit to their superiors without order or discrimination, and which tend to no purpose but to perplex and confuse the mind. Such is the object of our author. We shall now proceed to extract some of the many interesting facts which he states, and some of the inferences which he draws from these facts.

Under the head of topography, we find a scale of the growth of the most useful plants, such as the date, the sugar-cane, cotton, olive, rice, wheat, the vine, &c., as limited within certain parallels of latitude, and also by certain limits of height above the level of the sea. These must of course influence the commercial relations between countries. The north wants the wines and the other produce of the south, the plains want the timber and charcoal from the mountains, and the mountains the corn from the plains. In most countries the cattle migrate from the lowlands to the highlands in the summer, and return to the plains at the approach of winter. Hence a change of intercourse, and the relations of commerce between the various countries and districts.

As we ascend in latitude we find that heat and light decrease, and this fact has a powerful influence on all living creatures. It also creates two branches of additional expense, fuel and artificial light. In countries placed near the tropics, day and night being nearly even, the wants, the pleasures, the occupations of life are more uniform; and this may partly account for the immutability in the habits of the inhabitants of those countries.

In the ratio of the height of level, heat decreases, and therefore seed-time is earlier, and harvest later. At the same time, the power of contagious and epidemic diseases diminishes also; the fevers of the coast of Mexico do not spread beyond a certain height of the central table land. The power of defence, however, increases in the same proportion; and several of the victories of the Swiss, and other mountaineers, must be, in great measure, attributed to the disadvantage under which an aggressor lies who has to ascend a steep hill, and to fight at the same time.

The exposure of a district influences its climate and productions: thus the French side of the Pyrenees experiences a much severer winter than the Spanish reverse of the same mountains. In the vallies to the south of the Apennines, the orange, lemon, and olive

trees grow in full luxuriance ; while those on the opposite side partake of the nature of northern countries.

The position of a town or district should be considered with regard to its healthiness, security, and facility of communication. Peter the Great committed a statistical error in building his capital in the swamps of Ingria; exposed to frequent inundations of the Neva. Petersburg has been overflowed no less than six times since its foundation in 1709. The last inundation, in 1824, cost the lives of about 11,000 people. It was an error of statistics that led Napoleon to remain too long at Moscow ; and through a similar error, the Russian army suffered considerably last autumn, by attempting to keep the field in the low plains of Bulgaria, after the rains had set in.

The facility of communication between the various points of a province, ought to form a very essential consideration in its administrative jurisdiction ; whether civil, military, judiciary, or ecclesiastical. The central seat of authority ought to be, as much as possible, at equal travelling distances from the extreme points. Our author observes, that the French, in their organization of foreign countries annexed to the empire, often erred in this particular from want of local knowledge ; they often fixed the *chef lieu* of a department or district, in a spot too remote from the mass of the population. It is not geometrical distance alone that ought to regulate the position of capitals, but the relative distance from market towns, the direction and intersection of the principal roads, and the level or mountainous surface of the land.

It seems an unquestionable fact, that the shape of a country influences the political destinies of its inhabitants. Of this, the Italian peninsula affords a striking evidence. Long and narrow, with an immense line of coasts, it is vulnerable on innumerable points from the sea ; whilst, on the land side, the line of defence formed by the Alps, is rendered weak by the crescent form of the range of mountains, affording numerous passes to an invader. Again, the disproportionate length of the peninsula, intersected throughout by the Apennines, is an obstacle to its unity, by preventing the formation of a common central capital. If Italy were shorter and broader, its strength of adhesion would be much greater.

Rivers are a much less durable and secure line of frontier, than mountains. One of the advantages of the latter is derived from the principle, that the social and commercial relations of nations generally follow the direction of the waters that flow from either side of a chain. Thence similarity of interest, sympathy, and mutual defence.

The temperature or climate of a country, may be the result of the following causes : latitude, elevation of the soil, situation with regard to some great chain of mountains, configuration of the surface of the land, nature of the soil, volume of the water, whether of rivers or lakes, insular situation, action of prevailing winds, state of the population, and agriculture. The effects of the latitude are often modified or counteracted by the other circumstances just mentioned ; and it was from ignorance or neglect of this truth, that the

ancients fancied the torrid zone to be uninhabitable. Bogota, Quito, and other places in South America, enjoy a temperate climate; while many valleys in Switzerland, and even in much higher latitudes, are exposed in summer to an almost tropical heat. The clime of Tripolizza, in the Morea, is cold and foggy; while the plain of Argos, at one day's distance, is parched by an ardent sun. The eastern parts of Europe; the plains of Poland; the Steppes of Southern Russia, exposed to the cold winds from the frozen Arctic regions, or from the high bleak *plateau* of Tartary, are subject to a much greater severity of winter, than countries in a parallel latitude in the west of Europe. On the other side, the effects of the hot and suffocating scirocco, on the otherwise temperate regions of Italy and Spain, are too well known to require illustration.

The temperature of peculiar districts may be materially affected, in course of time, by local circumstances, such as the increase or decrease of population, and, consequently, of fires; by the cutting down of forests; the draining of marshes; by volcanic agents, &c. It seems proved, that the climate of Rome was colder and healthier in the times of Horace and of Juvenal, than it is at present. But, in general, the average temperature of countries and towns in a given number of years is not found to alter considerably.

The knowledge of *atmospheric topography*, as our author calls it, is essential to the good administration of colleges, hospitals, prisons, and barracks; to the establishment of police regulations and sanitary laws: it is important to the physician, the architect, the traveller, the soldier, the merchant. Were mercantile men better acquainted with the climate of distant countries, they would avoid ruinous speculations and expensive blunders; such as sending consignments of stoves and thick woollen cloths to South America, and even skates to Buenos Ayres. The want of knowledge of localities has also occasioned fatal mistakes in the mining speculations of Englishmen with South America. Steam-engines have been sent to be worked in places almost inaccessible, and where there was no fuel to put them in motion.

In treating of the atmosphere, Gioia refers to the observations by the hygrometer, which he considers as the best criterion of the salubrity of a country. Not only the quantity of rain, but also the average number of rainy days, ought to be taken into consideration.

Under the head of hydrography we notice the following remarks: "Many rivers raise their own bed by the deposition of the soil they carry along, especially if restrained by dykes. It is owing to this progress that the level of the water of the Po has become higher than the roofs of the houses of the city of Ferrara. The mud which rivers discharge at their mouths, assisted by the action of the winds, slowly encroaches upon the sea. Ravenna, under the Roman empire, was a maritime city; it stood in the midst of Lagoons, like Venice now, while at present Ravenna is three miles inland. The same will happen to Venice, unless the continued efforts of man prevents it."

The velocity of a current affords a facility for exportation from the upper banks, and a corresponding difficulty and delay in the importa-

tion of returns. This may be now, however, counteracted by the power of steam.

The quantity of water which issues out of the emissary of a marshy tract, if compared to the quantity of rain, will show whether there exists any internal influx of water; and will serve in the direction of the works for draining and recovering the land.

In the second part our author treats of population, of the influence of topographical causes on the forms and size of the people, on their temperament and habits, on longevity, and on the periods of puberty and of senility. In some mountainous and poor regions the young men migrate at the approach of winter, to seek employment in the towns of the neighbouring countries; and return home in the spring, when their own fields are free from snow. This is a regular practice in several of the high valleys of the Alps, on the Italian and Savoy sides. Speaking of the comparative density of the population, our author observes, that from the proportion of deaths, inferences may be drawn concerning the wisdom of the institutions and the comforts of the people. The mortality in different trades and professions should be separately considered, in order to ascertain the effects of each on the human frame. With regard to marriages, it appears that they are most numerous in unwholesome countries; but then a great proportion of these alliances are contracted by widowers and widows.

In the old continental states, the population employed in agriculture undergoes little numerical variation, except when a new method of cultivation is introduced, which increases the quantity of the produce.

It is generally supposed that northern people are stronger than those of the southern countries. This, however, is not universally true. The Fellahs of Egypt, some of the black races, the Indians employed in the mines of South America, and even the common porters of the maritime towns of Italy, carry with ease burdens which few Englishmen would attempt to lift.

Our author proceeds to treat of the various produce of countries,—game, fisheries, mines, &c. In speaking of fisheries, he notices a frequent error of legislation, through which enactments are made against the destruction of fish, as if the spawning season were the same on the different coasts of the same country; while the fact is, that the epoch varies in consequence of local or topographical influences.

The important chapter of agriculture follows, in which Gioia notices those agrarian facts which are invariable, or nearly so, in each respective country, because they result from climate and the nature of the soil, and which might be therefore called statistical axioms. Certain countries will never rear certain plants in the open air. Particular plants will also grow to better perfection in some districts than in others. Here, our author observes that improvement in the methods of cultivation can do much; but that experience has till now shown, that of all the arts agriculture is perhaps the one whose progress is slowest. The adoption of new methods in husbandry in Europe has been calculated by some to

spread in the ratio of *one league in ten years*. Although such an assertion appears somewhat hazarded, yet our author thinks it not far from truth.

The arts and industry of each country are considered by Gioia as influenced by the following causes: abundance or scarcity of prime materials—excessive heat or cold—prosperity or misery of the inhabitants—civil and religious habits of the people. He then treats of governments, of laws, and institutions; of the greater or less facility of improvement, in consequence of statistical influences; and, lastly, he examines the habits of the different nations and races, which he classes in intellectual, economical, moral, and religious habits, noticing their various degrees of tenacity and duration. All these subjects are illustrated with copious and interesting facts and phenomena.

“The result of all this,” and we conclude with our author, “is that the chief elements or principles of the statistical science are distinguishable into two classes—the first consisting of invariable principles, which are mostly deduced from topographical causes over which man has little or no control—the second, of facts which are subject to change; some after a period of several generations, others in a lesser space of time. To this second class belong the vicissitudes of population, those in the arts and commerce, and in the habits of men. From these variable quantities we can deduce middle ones, applicable to the existing generation. The principles of statistics ought to be distinguished from *annual tables* and documents, which are useful only by comparison with the former. The economical description of a nation cannot be restricted within a few pages, containing lists of births, deaths, marriages, and other detached facts, which serve only to satisfy curiosity for a moment, and from which no lasting and useful inference can be drawn. Models of statistical reports, framed on a more intelligent plan, begin to be adopted now in France in the various departments; they were executed in the kingdom of Italy as early as 1808. That kingdom would have been the first to have its statistics complete, had the minister of the day known how to appreciate the utility of the undertaking.”

In addition, we may mention the following Works that have lately appeared on the Continent upon the same subject. ‘Statistics and National Economy, or Materials for the Statistics of Europe, by Baron de Mascus, Stutgard, 1826.’ ‘History of Statistics from its origin to the end of the Eighteenth Century, by A. Quadri, Secretary to the Imperial Government, Venice, 1826.’ ‘A Dictionary of European Statistics, by Dr. Lanzani, Padua, 1826.’ ‘Topographical and Statistical Description of the Province of Pomerania, by M. de Reslorf, Berlin, 1827.’ ‘Notices on the Public Economy of the Prussian States, by M. de Krug, Councillor of State. Berlin, 1826.’

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHEN, in February, we took a brief view of the state and prospects of this country, as regards its connexion with Ireland, we said that the nation would watch with intense anxiety the first demonstrations of opinion on the part of its Ministers,—that a crisis was approaching such as had never before awakened the hopes and fears of the enlightened portion of the community,—that the mingled prayers and denunciations of a whole people must at last be either listened to or silenced. In what manner the struggle between intolerance and liberality would be carried on, it was difficult to guess; how it would close, it was vain to anticipate. It was possible that after another session of animosity and recrimination, we might once more have the Commons at variance with the Lords, and the Cabinet divided against itself; the Church in ill-omened triumph, and Ireland in open rebellion. It was possible that the members of administration, unable to maintain their ground against an opposition comprising in its ranks, with a solitary exception, all the influential members of the House of Commons, and supported without the walls of parliament by an almost unprecedented unanimity of sentiment among the educated classes, might surrender their situations to successors who, with the most upright intentions, and the clearest views, had yet been found, from their lack of concert, and their disregard of those things which compose mere party strength, powerless to effect reform or remedy abuse. It was possible again that those individuals, in whom error had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, might retire from their official stations; and that those who could with less inconsistency be right, might join with the leaders of the liberal party in the introduction of a measure of great and necessary justice.

If we called the crisis a momentous one, the events of a few days certainly confirmed and justified our expressions. If the conjectures of the public mind were various and many, assuredly the wildest of them never shaped out for Destiny so marvellous a course as that by which she is proceeding.

His Majesty recommends to his parliament to take into consideration the civil disabilities under which his Catholic subjects labour, with a view to their removal or relaxation: and a bill for Catholic Emancipation is accordingly to be introduced to the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington, and to the House of Commons by Mr. Peel; it is to be sanctioned by all the authority of Government, and supported by all the influence of the Crown. "Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" Now, indeed, nothing shall henceforth surprise us. We will expect honesty from a Greek, humility from a Spaniard, generosity from a Jew. We will dream of water springing from the dry rocks, and herbage blooming on the barren sands. In process of time, if no untoward event check the advance of this blessed reformation, even Winchelsea may grow moderate—even Knatchbull may become enlightened.

Seriously, however, we rejoice most heartily in a victory which, by whatever arms achieved, is at once rightful, certain, and immediate.

The shaft which hath struck down our quarry, is not the less welcome because it has come from what has been hitherto a hostile bow; the winds which have wafted us into harbour have our gratitude, though yesterday they were making sad havoc with our rigging. From this hour agitation may subside, and bigotry be still; the Irish barrister may leave his unfinished metaphor—the Hampshire curate may burn his no Popery discourse: Captain Rock has thrown up his commission—Sir Harcourt's occupation is gone. In a word, Catholic Emancipation is carried.

We say "carried" advisedly; although we do not forget that the announcement of the intention of the Cabinet has roused the ancient lords and ancient ladies of our legislature into more than wonted exertions, and called into active play all the energies of those illustrious statesmen who have no aim in their political career but to keep our souls from the contamination of the mass, and our bodies from the flames of Smithfield. The Ministers will have to encounter, in every stage of their proposed measure, as candid and as courteous an opposition as that which embarrassed their final labours in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Nevertheless, we repeat, we consider the Emancipation of the Catholics carried; not merely because they who were most powerful in its postponement are likely to be far more powerful in its advocacy—not merely because there is now no man in his sober senses, who does not see the sheer impossibility of forming, from the materials of the existing parliament, an anti-Catholic administration—not merely because some of our most talented theologians are with us—not merely because the reluctance of a certain great personage has given way—but chiefly, and above all, because there has now been time for an appeal to the country; because that appeal has been made, zealously and authoritatively made; and because it has been made in vain.

If, at the commencement of the present session of parliament, Ministers had given a hint, a bare hint, of their intention to remove some of those bulwarks by which we English hold that our liberties are secured,—if, for instance, they had menaced the Habeas Corpus Act, or shewn hostility to the Trial by Jury,—nay, if they had only threatened the imposition of an unusually grievous duty, or an unusually obnoxious tax, what a ferment would have been excited in the country! The *Times* might have spared its labours, Cobbett might have held his tongue; our peasantry would not have waited for advice from the pulpit, or orders from the manor-house. From the Land's-End to the border there would have been demonstrations of popular feeling, which the grossest ignorance could not mistake, nor the boldest effrontery deny. We all remember the plain terms in which public opinion has been spoken on the question of the corn laws, and on the case of the late queen. Look then at the state of the country to-day; when every method which the ingenuity of disappointed intolerance could suggest has been adopted, for the obtaining of a forcible manifestation of sentiment. We defy criticism to point out in the harangues of Mr. Hunt any thing more vulgarly inflammatory than the addresses of the Earl of Winchilsea. How have they been answered? Do we assert too much when we say that if the majority of the people of England be

opposed to the concession of the Catholic claims, their opposition is one of lukewarmness and indifference?—or are we too confident, when we affirm, that, if Parliament were dissolved to-morrow, after an election more than usually noisy, and squabbles more than ordinarily fierce, we should find in St. Stephen's Chapel a set of men fully prepared to begin where their predecessors left off, and to complete the good work with the same honesty, the same wisdom, and the same perseverance? Names are easily obtained to petitions *pro* and *con*: and we could tell some laughable stories of the means we have seen employed for the multiplication of them on both sides: but we speak as well from our own observation as from the confessions of our antagonists, when we express our conviction that the country at large is willing to rely on the prudence of those whom it has constituted its representatives. Since the delivery of the king's speech no county meeting has been attempted. Of the two which were got up previously, the first gave the Anti-Catholics no very decisive victory; the second allowed them scarcely more than a drawn fight. In the metropolis the Duke of Wellington seems to have one adversary only; a lawyer whom we have heard characterized by one of the most eminent members of his profession as "a singularly wrong-headed young man."

We, therefore, prophecy that the great captain will find this the easiest battle which it has ever been his lot to win. In his manœuvres before the engagement he seems to have made some remarkable blunders, and to have raised unnecessary difficulties in the way of his march. The memorable letter to Dr. Curtis,—we do not stop to discuss the object of the writer, or the propriety of the publication,—could only be productive of evil effects. It strengthened the hopes of the Orange party, and of course made its subsequent exasperation more bitter. It disclaimed all idea of doing that which was in less than a month to be done; and thus it has given an appearance of slovenliness and precipitancy to a plan which ought to be submitted to our senate as the result of forethought and deliberation. We shall probably find much to displease us in the details of the measure itself. The Minister has deemed fit to preface it by an Act for the suppression of the Catholic Association. If emancipation be conceded the Act is unnecessary; if it be denied the Act is futile and ineffectual. It is very difficult to take away a voice where there exists a grievance; and if it were easy it would not be wise. The mightiest discontents are those which men brood over in silence; the fiercest currents are those which are the furthest removed from our gaze. The Act, too, which admits Catholics into the Houses of Parliament is to provide "securities" for the Protestant establishment. What is to be the nature of these "securities" it is not our business to divine. We think we shall hardly be called upon to contribute to the support of the Catholic hierarchy. Such a boon would be of all boons the most ill-judged. The givers would give it with grudging; the receivers would receive it with disgust. But we do fear that the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders must be thrown as a sop to the angry prejudices of the patricians. Of course one of these poor helots will lose little in parting with the terrible prerogative which compels him to make periodically his choice between temporal privation and eternal punishment—between the notice to quit

of his landlord, and the anathema maranatha of his priest. But after the use they have lately made of their suffrage, the abolition of it will be a very ungracious procedure. They are not free agents, forsooth! to be sure they are not. We never intended them to be so. We take away their franchise not because they are slaves, but because they are slaves to other masters than those we chose for them.

The best measures in the way of securities are those which will do, as nearly as possible, nothing. If there be danger in the admission of Roman Catholics to political power, that danger will not be diminished when you have settled a pension on Dr. Murray, and stripped Paddy Kelleher of his vote. But Dr. Phillpotts insists upon securities; moderate men look for securities; old enemies of concession, who lack a pretext for conversion, beg that they may have one in securities. By all means let us prepare them. "There are two kinds of sleep," says Sir John Sinclair; "sleep with a nightcap, and sleep without."—"There are two kinds of emancipation," says Dr. Phillpotts; "emancipation with securities, and emancipation without." Let us sleep, and let us emancipate; and let our nurses take care of our nightcaps, and Lord Eldon attend to our securities.

Our most earnest hope is that the measure of emancipation, in whatever shape it may come before us, may not be considered final. Its opponents say that it will not cure the miseries of Ireland. Undoubtedly it will not. Long, long years of oppression and misrule bring evils to maturity which cannot be eradicated by the benevolence of a single day. But we shall now have time to breathe. Ireland will no longer look upon our alliance with loathing, and upon our proposals with distrust. Let us at once set ourselves to the investigation of her more real evils; let us address her in other tones than those of despotism, and bestow upon her other blessings than bayonets and dragoons. Let us at once determine to cultivate, to instruct, to improve.

In the consequences which have resulted from the change of opinions avowed by his Majesty's councillors, public men will learn a useful lesson. They will know the value of those testimonies to general merit, which are drawn forth by exertions in a particular cause. While Mr. Peel was the champion of the church, he was an orator from whose encounter Brougham retired overwhelmed,—a reformer of the law, beside whose meridian fame the memory of Romilly looked dim. Now, his law reforms are insignificant, and his eloquence below mediocrity. He is "a little man." The virulence with which he is assailed by his old worshippers is, of course, in exact proportion to the need they had of his continued patronage. We were at Manchester when so much cleverness was wasted in the endeavour to draw from him a profession of his unswerving orthodoxy, a pledge of his unshrinking zeal. It was as if the inhabitants of a beleaguered city were forging chains for their God, lest he should depart from among them. But the Deity has deserted them nevertheless; and he must look to have his statues thrown down, and his divinity called in question.

When Mr. Peel was the idol of the Orange Associations we did not arraign him for being the son of a cotton-spinner: when the Duke of

Wellington was the hope and stay of the Brunswick Clubs, to us the battle of Waterloo was all its admirers asserted, and the Marchioness of Westmeath all her husband denied. We did not lampoon these men because they were our enemies; we will not flatter them because they are most unexpectedly our friends. The Duke of Wellington can scarcely be called inconsistent in the course he now pursues. No one ever seriously suspected that he had formed any very inflexible opinion upon the subject of the Catholic claims. With Mr. Peel the case is not the same. If he has not incurred the guilt of apostacy, he has certainly deserved its obloquy: and he must be content to bear it. The statesman who abandons in a few months the opinion which he has upheld for many years, may possibly be a convert; he is, *primâ facie*, a renegade.

Mr. Peel assures us his conduct is the result of a sincere conviction. We believe it; we believe more. We believe the conviction lurked in his mind long ago, and that he was prevented from acting upon it, by feelings to which a greater man would have been a stranger. He shows us, that his choice lay between emancipation and civil war, and that he has but preferred the possible to the certain calamity. We do not think he was blind, in earlier times, to the coming on of the crisis which he was vainly conjured to prevent. "Grant," said his opponents, "grant these privileges as a free gift now; the time will come when you will have power to withhold them no longer." "I will not grant them as a free gift now;" was, for a long period, the answer; and lo, Mr. Peel rises in his place to tell us, the time is come when he can "withhold them no longer." It may be politic for the liberals in parliament to applaud his new light; it may be praiseworthy in the Catholics of Ireland to forgive the evil he has wrought them. But he who has a proper sense of what makes or mars a character, will not value a tardy relinquishment of what is wrong, so highly as a steady adherence to what is right.

When history shall treat of the epoch which saw the abolition of a set of restrictions continued through so many years, for reasons which she will scarcely be able to explain, she will not bestow her rewards upon the labourers who came at the eleventh hour, but upon those who bore the burden and heat of the day. She will write, that Catholic emancipation was carried by our Lansdowne and our Holland, our Canning and our Brougham. These men, and their coadjutors, have persevered through good report and evil report, in the recommendation of a policy which the throne has at last sanctioned, and which Great Britain, to the remotest ages, will have daily more reason to bless. Unsupported by the authority of official station, they have exercised over public opinion an influence to which those in official station have been compelled to bow. Whatever despotism may do on the continent, they have fortified in these islands a safe home for civil and religious liberty. "Give me," said the philosopher, "a spot of ground on which I may rest my foot; and I will move the world." Those of whom we speak are making for their descendants, in a free, united, educated nation, that spot of ground which the Syracusan could not find.

POPE LEO XII.

THE Cardinal Della Genga was elected to succeed Pius VII., in 1823, after a conclave which lasted twenty-eight days. On this, as on many other occasions of the like kind, the state of health of the candidate probably determined the choice of the most eminent brethren. On this point, however, it may be observed, that the selection of a weak or infirm person arises, more generally than is supposed, out of the natural circumstances of the case, rather than out of any wary and preconceived resolution to procure a speedy return of the opportunity for another election. Two or three candidates, equally powerful, divide the conclave. Neither party seems disposed to yield; all grow weary of their confinement and their contentions; the chance of unanimity is desperate; then it is that they look around for a brother who shall unite all suffrages. If there be one among them whose condition promises that he cannot long retain the keys of St. Peter, but that his election, while serving as a pretext for each combatant to withdraw without dishonour, without yielding the path to his antagonist, will afford them the opportunity of recruiting their force and their influence for a new occasion, it is perfectly natural that on such a person the choice should fall.

On his elevation, Della Genga assumed the title of Leo XII., by so doing, professing to take Leo IV. (St. Leo), who was a rigid upholder of the pretences, and enforcer of the ordinances and of the church, as his model. On the point of health it was soon very clear that Leo had played no trick on his brethren. He had not hobbled into the conclave with his crutch, and thrown it away as soon as the decision in his favour was proclaimed. Leo, in fact, proved a bed-ridden Pope; and was no sooner elected than reports, not without foundation, were spread abroad of the probability of his speedy dissolution. He was said to be afflicted with a painful and incurable disorder; and, during his whole reign, both clergy and laity have been held in continual expectation of another election. His wretched condition, however, did not prevent the exercise of the temporal or spiritual functions of his office. Some important ceremonies which required his presence were, it is true, postponed; but there was no obstacle to his affixing his signature to a bull or an edict, and these soon showed in what spirit he proposed to govern.

The former Pope, the benevolent Pius VII., under the guidance of his sagacious Minister, Consalvi, had adopted a system of government as liberal and as much in accord with the spirit of the times as could be expected from a Pope ruling temporally over a petty state on the confines of the Austrian Empire, and a Cardinal, his Minister. The very first acts of Leo were wholly in a different temper to that which prompted those of his predecessor. Consalvi was dismissed; and a new Cardinal-Secretary, and other Ministers, were appointed, who, like the most holy father himself, had lived without profiting by their lives, having retained all the notions, prejudices, and habits that characterized the Church before the influence of the French Revolution had reached Rome, and an utter abhorrence of that Revolution and its

principles. Accordingly, there commenced immediately the most vexatious system of domestic government—the most petty and illiberal interference with the habits of the people. The old custom was resorted to of obliging the Jews to confine themselves within the Ghetto, which was enlarged for their better accommodation, if the stinking hole in which their thronging habitations are huddled together can be so described;—the walls were repaired, the hinges of the gates put in order, sentinels regularly posted there night and day, and all ingress and egress forbidden, after an early hour of the evening. If the great banker himself had entered the Eternal City on his route from Vienna to Naples, to negotiate a loan for the use even of the most legitimate of legitimates, it is doubtful whether he would not have had to pay handsomely for a dispensation for the privilege of passing a night in the Piazza di Spagna*, or the Piazza di Venezia†. Another vexatious decree, which professed to have the morals of the people for its object, was that which prohibited the allowing wine to be drunk in any *osteria*, or public-house, where the customers were not also served with food; and a strong bar and railing (*cancelletto*) was erected in every pot-house, beyond which the buyers were not allowed to pass. This was a regulation most oppressive to the poor people, and of most unseemly consequences to the dignity of the city itself, since it was the custom of the labourers and servants to bring their meals from home in the morning, and retire at the usual hour to enjoy their dinner at a public-house, where they might moisten it with a Foglietta of *Vino de' Castelli*. The Ordonnance deprived them of this convenience; they were obliged to remove their portion of wine from the tavern as soon as procured, and were to be seen taking their meals in the streets, on the steps, and at the doors of houses: and, as in Rome, the male servants are mostly on board wages, this unbecoming spectacle was daily exhibited by the livery servants of Cardinals and Nobles, in front of their palaces‡.

Regulations were also threatened, but as long as the writer of this notice remained in Rome not put in execution, forbidding women to appear on the stage, and prescribing the use of a three-cornered hat and other distinguishing marks of dress, to all married men. Among other edicts actually published, however, was one, subjecting those who misbehaved themselves at the theatre to the *cavalletto*, or punishment by whipping in the pillory. Pasquino did not fail to take advantage of these absurdities; and consequently his statue, one fine morning in the month of March, presented the following epigram, which was soon circulated all over the city:—

Al teatro il cavalletto,
All' osteria il cancelletto,
Agl' Ebrei è steso il Ghetto,
Il Sovrano sempre al letto;
O che governo maledetto!

* The quarter where the hotels for foreigners are situated.

† Where the hotel of the Austrian Ambassador is situated, formerly that of the Venetian Republic.

‡ The writer himself experienced the unpleasant action of this edict. On return from a walk to Monte Mario, on a hot summer's day, he went into an *osteria*, and called for a glass of wine, but on pouring it out to drink, was prevented by the landlord, and actually abused as a spy and informer.

These evils, though galling enough, were of trifling consequence compared with the mischief which had been produced in the provinces by the relaxation of the reins of government. Consalvi himself had not kept so tight a hand on the brigands as he might have done; but still his power and spirit were known, and had inspired them with some degree of awe. No sooner, however, was he removed from the government, than these ruffians felt the difference of the hand that guided it: they gave a loose to their insolence, committed the most daring outrages, pillaged academies, massacring the provosts, and taking the pupils away for the sake of ransom: they added all sorts of insults to their violence; and if the report current in Rome be true, absolutely cut off the beards of all the inmates of a Capuchin Convent in the neighbourhood of Albano. What was Leo's conduct in this emergency? He withdrew the few troops that remained as a check to these excesses, and sent the Cardinal Pallotta with a proclamation, calling on the banditti to abstain, and submit themselves, in the name of St. Peter and the Holy Virgin! The consequences were such as might have been expected; the robbers became more audacious than ever, and entering a small town in the neighbourhood of Frosignone, where the holy legate had taken up his head-quarters, on a Sunday when the inhabitants were at mass, they tore down the proclamation from the church-door, dragged the mayor of the place from the altar, and massacred him on consecrated ground without side the holy edifice. After six weeks' trial of the efficacy of the sacred name of the Virgin, and of the respect of the banditti for the Apostolic Church, (but not before he had exhausted a purse of 200,000 crowns,) the Cardinal Pallotta returned to Rome. Of course, he became the ridicule of all circles of society, excepting in the papal court, where he was well received, and admitted to mutual condolences with his Holiness. On this occasion, also, Pasquino could not refrain from exhibiting his satire and learning in the following epitaph:—

ANTONIO PALLOTTA
 Ingenii fatuitate clarissimo
 Furente quadraginta dierum imperio
 Hernicis Volscisque depressis
 Campaniâ totâ devastata
 Erario spoliato
 Latrones merentissimi posuere.

Such was the character, such were the consequences, of the government of Leo in its commencement. His well-known bull against the English Bible societies was attended with very similar effects, being every where laughed at, except by those who thought it to their interest to regard it in a serious light. In his Anno Santo, we believe, he was thoroughly disappointed. Indeed, the events of his whole reign must have convinced any but the most obstinate and bigoted, of the perfect absurdity of the attempt to bring back the good old times of St. Leo. The only good result emanating from this spirit has been a certain would-be-independence in his relations with foreign states; but even in those negotiations he has suffered much mortification, and has had to feel that the respect for a papal bull, or for the church in general, was something altered in the nineteenth century. On first seating himself in the chair of St.

Peter, he showed some impartiality towards political sects, by ordering that the asylum which the carbonari of other states had found within his dominions, should be respected. Not that this order proceeded from any favourable disposition towards political sects, for more than that of the former pope was his government inimical to secret societies; but his conduct in this respect was regulated by the old church principle of the sanctity of a refuge sought in the dominions of his Holiness. He was fond of religious ceremonies when able to officiate, and is, on more than one occasion, said to have risked his life in assisting at them in person. His own part he performed with much dignity and great fervour, and a devotion which had every appearance of proceeding from the heart.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

3rd. The Opera opened on Saturday, after a tremendous newspaper warfare of some continuance. The parties seem to have been threefold;—first, the discharged musicians—next, the patrons of the rights of the pit, and lastly, M. Laporte the lessee. Now, we are the farthest in the world from wishing to sneer at any fair attempt to keep a monopoly in order. The worthy English commercial maxim—"Take it or leave it," does not apply to the commodities vended at Patent Theatres. There, it is the choice of the celebrated Hobson—this or none. The public have, therefore, certainly a right to see that that *this* shall be something worth having. Still, we like only fair attempts; and we really think M. Laporte makes out a very good case in the letter he has published within these few days. The musicians complain of M. Laporte wanting to restrain them from going to morning concerts. M. Laporte responds that, as matters were last year, it was impossible ever to get them to attend rehearsals, which, as being necessary to the due performance of operas, he must insist upon. Into the diversities of opinion, however, between the manager and the musicians, we do not wish to enter—inasmuch as with this subject we think the public have nothing to do. All that they have a right to exact is to have good operas well performed—but we do not see that they have a right to dictate the engagement of Monsieur *un tel* to play upon any given instrument.

With the stalls, however, we think the public have a great deal to do; and if we thought "my pensive public" had any real "wherefore" to "look sad" on this subject, we should be the first to wield our pen in their support. But we really think these stalls an advantage to the world in general. We can perfectly conceive that a right

reverend bishop, with a fine family of boys between the first year of Eton and the last of Oxford, may consider this far too weighty a phrase for any but *prebendal* states. But, even granting this, we still think that many of the lay frequenters of the Opera will be much inconvenienced, and none at all annoyed by, the arrangement. We mean that the additional luxury of finding an excellent seat at any time in the evening will be enjoyed by those who choose to pay for it without the slightest inconvenience to those who are contented to remain in *gurgite vasto*,—we hope, for the sake of *Gusto*, not *rari nantes*.

But this introduction of stalls is not an innovation. Mr. Ebers adopted it during the last part of his last year of management, and M. Laporte had it last season—and no objection was made. Now the same thing has been done in a more convenient way, and “Vive le parterre!” is echoed through every journal as far as the Land’s End. But there had been no civil war then! There was, however, no row on Saturday as was announced, after we came into the house, which was less than half way through the first act—and we were told it was only the slightest thing in the world, at the beginning.

Pass we, however, these extraneous feuds—and let us consider the opera itself—for no fewer than three first appearances call for judgment. We shall, contrary to all rules, but for due reasons of our own, begin with the gentleman first. Signor Donzelli is a fine, clear, fresh, straight-forward tenor. Not quite so powerful, perhaps, as the most powerful we have heard; but with more than sufficient force to give perfect effect to any music belonging to his order of voice. He will be a great acquisition to the theatre, and will, we doubt not, add the admiration of London in general to the *suffrages* he has already obtained. Mademoiselle Monticelli appeared as Elena:—and though she seems now and then, rather startlingly in comparison with her general performance, to have considerable powers of voice, we do not think that she made, or indeed quite deserved, *un grand succès*. In one or two pieces, she both drew forth and deserved very warm applause—but we question whether she be quite equal to be the prima donna of the season. Still, she is a singer of whom we have no sort of inclination to speak lightly. She is a little like Madame Ronzi de Begnis about the eyes, and less, though something, like Pasta about the forehead—and the hair was dressed after her. We think if the consciousness of these slight resemblances were not present in Mademoiselle Monticelli’s mind, her manner would be simpler, and thence more pleasing and effective.

Come we now to Madame Pisaroni—to speak of whom last was our real object in beginning with the Signor. This is, indeed, a *succès*—great, true,—and we may say as though the future were already the present—permanent. We delight in a triumph like that of this lady on Saturday, for it is that of genius over the niggardliness of nature in physical gifts. We need not from false delicacy abstain from saying this with regard to Madame Pisaroni—for we have been told, and we believe, more than one very frank, simple, and touching trait of her own consciousness on this subject. Still, when you get near the stage, and can fix the expression of the eye, it proves to be fine,

as, we are convinced that of every person of genius, which is free from actual defect, always is and must be.

We are by no means lavish of the word genius—but we apply it at once to Madame Pisaroni. Her singing is splendid;—she has a contralto voice of a force, fervour, and beauty, which we did not think the least diminished when a musical friend who was near us did us the unkind kindness to point out certain little imperfections, which *occasionally* we could not quite deny, though they required to be listened for;—and which certainly we never should have heard in the midst of the delight which the rich, fresh, natural and ardent manner, in which Madame Pisaroni sings, excites. There is really *soul* in every sound she breathes. We almost shrink from using a term made so *fade* by silly misapplication and inveterate over-use; but it is in vain to seek any other word which can convey the character of Madame Pisaroni's execution. The words are distinctly given—her whole being seems enwrapt in the feeling she expresses, and you hang upon every note which her vivid and spirit-stirring voice sends forth.

Madame Pisaroni is the very opposite of what is called a *sol fa* singer—and, therefore, she is to us the more delightful. Not but what she is, as we are told by those much more conversant with such matters technically than we pretend to be, a most cultivated musician;—but she is not a mere musician. She is not an instrument, which issues notes perhaps the sweetest and the grandest—but without any reference to sentiment or sense—with no feeling, with no meaning*. No—passion thrills upon her accent—streams upon her rushing voice. Love, sorrow, indignation—she had occasion to express them all—nobody with ears, whether they understood the language or not, but must have thoroughly followed their variations;—by those who have ought within that can appreciate what the ears convey, the sensations which *Ah, si pera* excited will long be remembered, and felt.

Upon reading over what we have said of Madame Pisaroni, we see it may be considered high-flown. But we think it just—and therefore we let it stand. It is not written under the impression of the moment: our sensations are revived at the end of three days, and, therefore, *we* do not consider them exaggerated;—others may. And yet, we think not many;—for we heard nothing around us but admiration—and we saw that of one or two whose judgment at the Opera is of no little value, beaming upon their countenances unrestrained.

6th. Lord Burleigh *has* spoken at last, and to some purpose. Never did the inventive genius of the fair narrator of the tales of the Thousand and One Nights bring forward, throughout their whole course, a transformation more magically sudden, total, and complete than that of the writer of the letter to Dr. Curtis six weeks ago, into the concocter of the King's speech of yesterday! "Oblivion," quotha!—if the united

* We hope we shall not be mistaken as meaning to apply these remarks to *real instruments*, when in the hands of our first professors. So far from it, that we have often heard some of them bring forth from the string or the wood more *meaning* than the style of the singers we are endeavouring to describe above, have done with the aid of words. They are human instruments that we are speaking of.

and constant exertion of every tongue, every pen, and every printing-press—first in the United Kingdom, next in Europe, then in America—soon in Africa, ere long in Asia, and ultimately in New Holland—if this be likely to produce oblivion, then is the Catholic Question “buried in oblivion” not for a short time as recommended by His Grace of Wellington—but past all redemption.

Moreover, what has taken place on this subject shews a power of keeping a secret, beyond that proverbially a wonder. Six days before the meeting of Parliament, not a soul knew a word about the matter out of the cabinet—when, suddenly, out comes a paragraph in one or two of the papers manifestly from good authority which blurts out the whole change at once as a quiet fact. See the danger of prophecy!—see the danger of judging of the future from the past! No—our Premier has determined that his having been formerly blind, shall not be any reason for his choosing to refuse to see, now the scales have fallen from his eyes.

The debates in both houses are highly interesting. The Duke, Mr. Peel, Lord Bathurst—all declare they consider the question in a new light, because they regard it as being in a totally new position. Mr. Peel, indeed—woe to the punsters! their punning prænomen is gone for ever—says that he still thinks emancipation a measure not to be chosen for its own merits—but merely as by far the least evil of many; viz., a divided cabinet—the two houses of Parliament being the one Aye, and the one No—and above all a country in the wretched and also the dangerous state in which Ireland is now. But we shall not go into the broad question at all, at this time or in this place. Let matters roll on a little, and we may have a few words to say more generally. We cannot, however, conclude our notice of the opening of the session, without making mention of Lord Anglesey’s manly and admirable speech. It is evident that at the period of his recall, he had no sort of inkling of what was in contemplation. Indeed, he talks of some accusations having been brought against him of not having “acted in his high trust, in a manner consistent with his duty as the king’s representative.” Lord Anglesey then adds—“These, your lordships will admit to be grave charges, and I might well have expected that when they were made, I should somehow or another have been placed in a situation of explaining or defending my actions. I have, however, been disappointed in this expectation, and although I should have been obliged, with great reluctance, to have called your lordships’ attention, as well as that of the public, to my private wrongs; yet I cannot think of doing it on the present occasion, when the public wrongs of so many millions of my fellow-subjects are brought forward for allusion, in the strong expectation of their receiving ultimate redress. (Hear, hear.)”

We are quite aware that this is merely a very narrow episode of the grand epopœia now in progress. But it is not the less creditable to Lord Anglesey, who seems to have been personally attacked, to forget self so totally and at once in the triumph of the cause, in the promotion of which he had suffered. We have the highest admiration of the whole of Lord Anglesey’s conduct in Ireland from first to last; and we think this speech a worthy epilogue to such a drama.

11th. We hope that people will soon have had enough of the recent literary fashion of talking of dreams and omens as things to be attended to. Here is a man sets fire to York Minster in consequence of "two remarkable dreams!" Read the following awful statement of the wretched man Martin, which appears in the papers of this morning, and then judge whether the currency of these preternatural visitings should be kept up.

"I set fire to the Minster in consequence of two remarkable dreams. I dreamt that one stood by me, with a bow and a sheaf of arrows, and he shot one through the Minster door. I said I wanted to try to shoot, and he presented me the bow. I took an arrow from the sheaf, and shot, but the arrow hit the flags, and I lost it. I also dreamt that a large thick cloud came down over the Minster and extended to my lodgings; from these things I thought that I was to set fire to the Minster. I took these things away with me for fear somebody else should be blamed; I cut off the fringe and the tassels from the pulpit and bishop's throne, or what you call it, for I do not know their names, as a witness against me, to show that I had done it by myself."

We are not so fantastic as to say that the mind of this unhappy individual has been shaken by the prevailing practice to which we have alluded—but we do think that such things being frequently brought before the minds of weak and slightly-educated people may have an effect little thought of indeed by the writers to whom we allude. Some of the chief of these it is impossible to mention without the highest degree of admiration and respect—and even that feeling of regard which is called forth by the manifestation of general kindness of heart. But we are convinced that this frequent use of supernatural means—we do not mean fairies or genii, but dreams, ghosts, foretellings, forebodings—nay even something approaching almost to a regular defence of the belief in them—is very much calculated to do mischief—unintentional, we grant, but still mischief. If these things were done like the Arabian Nights, or the Tales of the Genii, we are most far indeed from thinking that their shifts and changes would do more harm than those in a pantomime. But the tone which has been adopted—we have, at this moment, two pieces, by two very distinguished authors more especially in our recollection—is really scarcely short, in one instance not at all so, of conveying the impression that the writers themselves believe in what they are narrating. The other instance, however, is, we think, more—we were going to say calculated, but we are certain the strict interpretation of that word would be grossly misapplied—likely to do harm; for it is far more simple than the other, told with great sweetness and quiet power, and it also calls some of the most honourable feelings of our nature into play, in connection with the appearance of a spirit in bodily shape. And it is designed for children.

We cannot but consider such things calculated to weaken young, and delicate minds—and the weakness often remains when the originating cause has passed away.

We must again protest against being understood to ascribe in the most remote manner the awful act of Martin to anything arising from such writers as those to which we have alluded. All we mean is to

shew to what an extreme the belief in these fantasies may lead minds in themselves weak and tottering—and, consequently that it were surely wiser, in the first place, not to spread narratives of a tendency to feed these depraved thoughts; and, still more, not to enable a person, whose reason is already quivering on the fearful edge of madness, to say—"See! these celebrated writers think as I do!"

12th. Our readers will doubtless recollect the name of Backler, in conjunction with a most striking Exhibition, some years back, of painted glass. Indeed, he may almost be said to have revived the art in this country—for he brought it to a degree of merit which had not been witnessed since the old days. We have chanced very lately to see a work of this gentleman's, which he has recently been employed upon, in Limehouse Church. We say employed upon, because the original groundwork of the piece was executed seventeen years ago. It then consisted of a single colossal figure of our Saviour, after West, standing in the attitude of preaching, with the right arm raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven, and the left hand slightly extended from the side in a posture of persuasion. The face is mild, firm, and persuasive; and the whole figure has great grace and dignity. Such, as we understand, was the window originally—all the back-ground being left plain ground glass. But, within these few months, Mr. Backler has again been employed upon his early work, and has now given it accompaniments well worthy of the ability displayed in the figure itself. That, however, has also been repainted. For, after being glazed for so many years, it was impracticable to take the window to pieces for the purpose of burning in the additional work, and therefore the whole has been repainted in metallic colours. We believe this is the first time they have been so applied; the artist has every confidence in its durability. The beauty and brilliancy of the colouring are, at present, admirable. The rich crimson of the great curtain which is represented as shrouding all the upper part of the window—the fine deep blue of the outward robe in which our Saviour is enveloped—the golden hair traditionally given to Jesus—in a word, all the colouring, which is blended with great good taste, proves that this work must be the production of one who is no slight master of that branch of art.

We are surprised, indeed, that this peculiar description of painting is not more general in this country. The King, we believe, is introducing it in some degree in Buckingham Palace. But we wonder that it is not more generally adopted in the higher order of residences in London; for there are many instances, from the nature of our localities, in which, though the rooms may be splendid, the view from the windows is a pleasing mixture of black mud, and brick but a few shades lighter. But even where there is the advantage of a more agreeable prospect, either from the parks or a private garden, one room—say a library—lighted through painted windows is a great addition both to the grandeur and beauty of the house. Now that so many and such splendid edifices are being reared, we wonder that some of the noble and wealthy builders do not apply to Mr. Backler and his brethren to "give," to use the words of the old poet,

“ ——— the rays of the garish sun,
A score of colours 'stead of one,”

in some room chosen to be decked in the antique fashion, to be in unison with the window, than which no style can combine more richness, grace, and comfort.

15th. So!—the filth and folly which distinguished the mode in which several of the papers treated the Edinburgh murders have taken a new line. The manner in which they record the out-bursts of violence, which seem to be daily occurring against Hare and Helen M'Dougal, since their liberation, would seem to indicate that they consider such conduct exceedingly praiseworthy. We confess our sympathy with the two persons to be very slight indeed—we can have no feelings of gratification at their escape: but we do hold ferocity, *however excited*, to be so awful a passion to encourage among the people, that we must lift up our voice, as all else are silent, to exclaim against their taking justice into their hands, which thereby, at once, becomes injustice, and putting these people to death, which has very nearly happened three or four times over. The absence of all blame is, in some cases, equivalent to praise. The recording what has occurred in various places in the South of Scotland and North of England, with respect to Burke and M'Dougal, without ever seeming to think there is anything to gainsay in such proceedings, is certainly negatively adjudging them to be perfectly correct: nay more, the tone which is adopted—the character of the epithets chosen, go near to shew that the opinions of the writers go along with those who are attempting to revenge murder by murder. We are as far as possible from saying that the moral guilt of these homicides would be anything like equal. Our whole argument has another object—namely, that if the passions of a large concourse of people, in a state of violent excitation, are in any case to be recognised as the proper, or even pardonable, means of judging whether any given individual shall be put to death upon the spot or not,—they will not always continue to draw very nice distinctions as to how much that individual may morally deserve death, though he may have escaped it by law. We grant that such cases are not often likely to occur:—but they *may*, even in instances of real innocence;—and—which is the thing most to be feared practically—such a mode of treating such doings is a direct encouragement to those feelings of ferocity and revenge, which are, without exception, the most hateful belonging to human nature; and which, thank Heaven, the progress of civilization is, as has been demonstrated, lessening every day. Let the laws, in their execution, be respected: any needful amendment is quite a different question, to be examined in quite a different way. But if mob-tribunals be suffered to massacre every person, the continuance of whose life they may choose to object to, the community will soon find this a very unpleasant world to live in. The reasonings of the joint judges and executioners would become less equitable every day.

It may seem to be an anti-climax to notice after this another odious effect which the constant dwelling upon these awful murders has occasioned. And yet it is not so—for where ferocity would, in one

instance, be contagious, the evils of which we are about to speak, would in twenty. We mean that the repeated details poured forth day after day, increasing in minuteness, and consequently in hurtfulness, at every succeeding publication do, beyond doubt, *familiarize* the minds of—we dread to say the numbers we were about to write—to the contemplation of all the horrors of crime, till at last they cease to be horrors at all. We think that persons who have passed the last three months in London, may have acquired unquestionable knowledge of this fact by merely walking along the streets. The first hints swelled with a most nauseous rapidity into broad and brutal jests about the supposed means used by these murderers to secure their victims*. It is impossible to walk through three streets without hearing these odious exclamations pass from mouth to mouth. Nay, the very name of the convicted murderer has been turned into a verb to typify his occupation.

Still, however much we may be shocked and disgusted at all this, we do not fear, in the very least, the effect which would seem to be the most direct one. Not a jot. Murder never can become a prevalent crime in this country. It is even now exceedingly rare as compared with the bulk of the population:—the very tumult that a murder excites proves this sufficiently. What we fear is, that the familiar and habitual admission, even in the shape of jest, of guilty thoughts into the mind, occasions general corruption. The moral system is very much condensed; and *habitual* bad thoughts of almost any kind will produce almost every kind of evil.

We do not mean to say that we dread any great actual increase of depravity from this one case; but it is part of a system; and that system is one which tends, we are firmly convinced, to keep up crime at its present fearful pitch. The minutiae into which nearly all newspapers go with regard to crime, and the slang in which some indulge in the language in which it is recorded, are most fruitful sources of crime. Would that those who conduct our public journals—and some even who are not beyond reproach on this score, are as respectable as others are the reverse—judging in both cases from their papers only—would that they would consider what an awful engine it is they wield, what power they possess, and therefore to what a responsibility they are subject. When they reflect for a moment upon how much good, and how much harm they may do, they should shrink from a system which has such hurtful consequences upon the morals and the happiness of so large a portion of their fellow-creatures!

16th. This day the dissolution of the Catholic Association has been announced in London. No act could be wiser; and this termination of the body will have done the cause of the Catholics nearly as much good as the whole course of its existence. Still, we think, notwithstanding the not unfrequent violence of a few of its members, and the much more rare instances in which that violence has appeared, that the Association has greatly contributed to bring the Catholic Question to the point at which it at present stands. Mr. Shiel's speech, moving

* We say "supposed means," inasmuch as the real ones were the old system of making the miserable beings drunk—then they could be killed at leisure.

for the dissolution, was, in our opinion, both an eloquent and an honest one. We rather quaked when he acceded to the request of Mr. O'Connell's son, to wait till they heard again from his father; but we can respect his motives for yielding; and probably he was pretty well assured that O'Connell would not oppose the dissolution. The very slight resistance which the resolution met with, is also very creditable to the Association. They seemed to know, and be guided by, their best friends—Lord Holland, Lord Anglesey, Sir John Newport, the Knight of Kerry, and Mr. Brougham, are all names quoted by Mr. Shiel. The Catholic bishops also were unanimous in begging the Association to dissolve.

What, then, is the use of the Suppression Bill which is proceeding rapidly through the House?—Great use. In the first place, it will prevent the revival of the Catholic Association, in case the Emancipation Bill should not quite please them. This, as we strongly hope that the Bill will be such as ought to please them, we think perfectly right—for no irritation should be excited for trifling causes, and there are some members of the Association who are scarcely to be trusted to argue a fine-drawn question; and broad generalities will then have ceased. The real use, however, of the Bill now, will be to keep down the Orangemen. It is to suppress all dangerous associations and meetings. Whence the danger to tranquillity will arise, in case the Relief Bill passes, we think it needs no knowledge of magic to discover. "But then, the Orangemen are all loyal—no danger can come to the Government from them"—We believe not much—for Government will take right good care to keep them down—"But their intentions!"—Oh! their intentions? Truly their intentions are very moderate and composed. One of their leaders publishes an address to the people of England declaring the House of Peers in a state of treason and sedition.—Another says that the question lies only between a Popish Parliament and a Protestant one. Others, again, talk of the royal assent to the Relief Bill being in itself a forfeiture of the crown;—while some hint at the hereditary claims of the House of Savoy, in a manner that must make the ears of Charles Felix tingle with hopeful joy. Nay, there are others of whom it is impossible to speak in a tone of jest, who have done very little less than directly excite the people to rise, and that in terms which, if successful in their object, would cause the rising to be attended by all the darkest, and most odious passions of human nature. Thank Heaven, the people are as quiet as can be, and, in England at least, seem much less interested in the matter than one would have supposed. In Ireland feelings must be more excited—and, therefore, it is perhaps as well to have the means of preventing bigots from putting forth doctrines of bloodshed with any shew of authority that their meeting in numbers may give. What the Duke of Northumberland may be as a public man it is, of course, impossible yet to know—but that any Lord Lieutenant appointed by the Duke of Wellington will allow either Brunswickers or any one else to congregate to talk of physical resistance, *twice*,—while he has such a weapon as the Bill for the Suppression of Dangerous Associations in his hand, is, on the face of it, impossible.

But we trust that it will not come even to this. Nothing but the violence of the more bigotted Anti-Catholics can prevent this Act (for it will soon become one) remaining a dead letter. We are quite sure that the more moderate opposers of Emancipation—many of whom are actuated by the most well-intentioned motives—must hate even more than we do the unmeasured violence of their brother-partisans. For they consist of persons peculiarly opposed to all popular tumult, and they must feel how much injury such proceedings must do their cause in the minds of humane and moderate people. For ourselves, we shrink from the appeal to the bayonet and the bullet, quite as much as it is possible for those who call themselves the most regular Church-and-State men to do—and we would gladly lose any benefit that may accrue to our cause, from such means as those upon which we have been commenting.

20th. Oh! this eternal Catholic Question!—Nothing but the Catholic Question. If you write to your friend a hundred miles in the country about a local matter, concerning which you are very much interested, and begging to have detailed answers to several questions, you get half-a-dozen lines on the subject you wrote about, and the rest of the sheet is given to the task of furnishing you with the most particular information of what people say and think upon the Catholic Question, more especially in London, where you yourself chance to reside. We speak feelingly:—an acquaintance of ours was going to Paris not long ago, and promised to give us some little account occasionally of what was going on there. We received his first letter this morning, which begins thus:—"Agreeably to my promise, I sit down to give you some little chit-chat from this gay city, where I arrived about a week since, in the midst of a most inclement season, which has rendered walking and driving (not at any time too agreeable here) particularly dangerous."

Oh well! thought we—now for some relief from the *one* topic of chit-chat which reigns in monopolizing tyranny over every dinner-table and soirée, throughout this (just now) *dull* city. Let us read on:—

"Never did I see in Paris such an interest taken in everything *English*. English fashions—English manners—the English language are the rage. It follows as a matter of course that English politics are not forgotten."

Eh? Politics?—Heaven forefend!—Well, it scarcely can be the Catholic Question yet—Oh no—here's "Mr. Canning—whom the Parisians had seen and greatly admired"—but lo! in the next line we saw, and did not admire (the *mention* at least of) Lord Anglesey and Ireland—Catholic Claims—Duke of Wellington—Brunswick Clubs—in short every note of that chime which has been pealing in our ears for the last three weeks. No—no—we have enough of this rung at home, without the echoes from Paris. We will, however, just state the fact, that the Parisians absolutely stop their English friends in the street to congratulate them upon what they doubt not every travelled, because educated, Englishman must be rejoiced at. Eight tenths are, no doubt—but we would give a Napoleon to see the face

of a French *petit-maitre* at the reception he would meet with if he chanced to attack the chaplain of an *Archbishop*, or the son of an Ascendancy county-member, with felicitations on the king's speech.

Our friend, however, soon becomes a little more Parisian in his talk. The first thing that strikes him is the general improvement in the buildings and pavement of what in Paris is *not* the West End of the Town.

"To a person who recollects Paris several years ago the improvements in every way must appear very striking. The contrasts that the new streets of the Rue Castiglione—Rue Rivoli—several of those north of the Boulevards de la Madeleine and Italien, particularly the fine new street, Rue de Londres, present, when compared with the Rue St. Honoré and the Faubourg, the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs &c., is very remarkable: but even these latter are beginning to be decorated here and there with an appearance of *trottoir*, of which formerly all Paris was destitute; so that now a decently clad christian—a superb Turk—or a magnificent Persian may venture to walk in these streets without the absolute necessity of making a will beforehand; although not without the still tolerably certain prospect of being bespattered from head to foot with the nastiest mud in the universe."

No—no—this is not fair to old London. Our correspondent must be corrupted by Frenchified ideas. What! any mud on the surface of the terraqueous globe surpass that of London in abomination? Fie!—our friend will require a bill of re-naturalization, for having uttered such a piece of *lèse-majesté* against London mud. We have the most thorough recollection of that in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, of which mention is made in the extract above. We tasted of its delights the morning after our first arrival in Paris. We were going from our hotel in the Rue de la Paix to the Post-office, and were directed down this street, the dinginess of which (fashionable for shops though it be) came in striking contrast with the splendid coup-d'œil of the line through the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme to the Tuileries-gardens. This street had then not the least "appearance of *trottoir*"—and if it have now, where horses are to trot is beyond our conception. There had been a great deal of rain, and, certainly, the discomfiture arising from the mud was exceedingly Parisian, for if you looked down to pick your way, you would infallibly be knocked by a cabriolet under the wheels of a *fiacre*. Thus, that your trowsers, at the least, if not nearly your whole dress, get a very liberal sprinkling of mud is most undeniable. But such mud!—Poor fissenless stuff, without any of the grand richness, and blackness, and consistency of *real London mud*! We shall soon expect to hear of Paris porter being put into competition with Barclay and Perkins. It is true, you do not get so much of it here—but one good souse is sufficient for a long time. A scavenger's cart is going by, very near the foot-pavement—it gets a thump from a coal waggon on the outside—a slight, but sharp and sudden inclination takes places inward, and you receive an epaulette which, under the new regulations by which it seems rank is to be indicated by size, would require the grade of *generalissimo* to be newly-erected for you to bear. Nay the more humble

sprinkling which arises from a hackney-coach wheel suddenly slapping into a puddle occasioned by the fact of two or three stones in the pavement having sunk under their grievous burdens more speedily than their neighbours—even this is not to be despised if it comes over you impartially;—namely, your clothes being dotted like a Danish dog,—one patch striking full upon your left eye,—and another forcing its way partly into the right-hand corner of your mouth, No one ever tasted such mud in Paris!

Proceed we to matters not exactly of the same description:—

“Amongst the sights of Paris I have found my countrymen, generally speaking, less acquainted with the *Bibliothèque du Roy*, than anything in the place. British travellers, generally speaking, neglect the valuable stores of learning and science that are to be found in so many cities on the Continent. They flock to the public buildings—the palaces—the churches—the theatres—the ruined remains of Roman greatness—whilst they neglect the charming works of so many illustrious writers, that have contributed to render all the views doubly interesting. The truth is, our countrymen, for the most part, read but light books—the current literature of the day.—Indeed our travellers are seldom of a class from whom much study can be expected.

“The *Bibliothèque du Roy* in France is contained in a very magnificent building; and consists of a splendid collection of books, in every known language. These are open to the public, natives and strangers, without passport shewn, or any other formality or delay. The books are arranged in five classes;—Theology, Jurisprudence, History, Philosophy, and the Belles Lettres. The library was founded by Charles V., at which time it consisted of 910 volumes of MS., which were placed in the Tower of the Louvre, under the care of one Giles Mallet (the Mallets would seem to have been at all times men of letters). Under Francis I. the number of volumes had increased to 2000; but the art of printing having then become known, Francis, who was a great lover of the arts and sciences, enlarged it greatly, and placed it in the princely chateau of Fontainebleau. Catherine de Medicis ornamented and enriched it with a collection of manuscripts and medals brought from Florence. The troubles attending the time of the league caused these latter, which are said to have been of extreme beauty, rarity, and value, to be dispersed and stolen. There is, however, at present an apartment in the library, consisting of a splendid collection, which, to be appreciated, need only to be seen. Hyppolite Count de Bethuen bequeathed to the library 1500 volumes of great value and interest, especially historical works. But the greatest aid in forming and completing the collection was given by Louis XIV., who went to very great expense in employing the most learned and intelligent men of his time in the collection of books, engravings, and medals. The consequence of their exertions was the purchase of the valuable libraries of Augustus de Loménie, Comte de Brienne—of Francis Roger de Gaignières—of Charles D'Ozier, the famous genealogist—the manuscripts of Etienne Baluze, and of Colbert, who possessed the most considerable collection in Europe. Afterwards, were added 12,000 volumes of Falconet; and in a few years there were altogether about 33,000 manuscripts, and 100,000 volumes in print. But the destruc-

tion of the convents, and other religious houses, contributed more than anything to the extent and value of this noble collection. These amounted in Paris to more than thirty libraries of note, the principal of which were those of the Jacobins, the Feuillans, and the Capucin monks of the Rue St. Honoré—those of the Sorbonne—the Abbey of St. Victor—of St. Germain des Prés—and of Blancs-Manteaux. The three first collections had from ten to twelve thousand, the others from twenty to twenty-five thousand volumes. The collection altogether is one of the most superb monuments of national utility and greatness. Not the least object of admiration to the man of taste is the beautiful collection of engravings, forming a most extensive and rare assemblage of the talent of the most celebrated artists in every country.

“When one takes into consideration, along with the above facts, the great increase of books in Europe since the reign of Louis XIV., especially within the last thirty years, and to which the liberty of the press in France has lately greatly contributed—the stores of knowledge which were collected during the last century, by the profound labours of enlightened individuals, together with the numerous productions of the day which are issued in every country of Europe, with a rapidity hitherto unknown—we shall cease to be surprised, even when we are told that the number of books in MS. and in print, in the Royal Library of France, has reached the astounding quantity of *seven hundred thousand volumes!*”

There is one point in this statement which is to us always a matter of shame, from the comparison which it draws forth between the habits of London and Paris, which is of rather more importance, we fear, than the merely *terrestrial* superiority we have claimed in the matter of mud. We allude to this splendid collection being “open to the public, natives and strangers, without passport shewn, or any other formality or delay.” Now, this is really the true way of conducting a public institution. It is for the benefit of the public, and the public ought to be able to get at it. Now how is it with our British Museum? If a person wish to see it, or to consult works in the very valuable and extensive library, he must find some means of getting at a governor to procure an order. This is all very well for persons fixed in London, who have literary connections, and so forth. But for many even living in town, and nearly to all who merely come for a short time, foreigners especially, the British Museum might as well be at Kamschatka, as in Great Russell-street. They don’t know who to apply to—or, if they did, they probably would have no sort of means of getting at them. We really cannot see why all persons of respectable appearance should not be admitted, and allowed to remain as long as their behaviour was proper. At the utmost the giving name and address should be sufficient. We are quite convinced no sort of evil could arise from such a measure. We have named the British Museum, because it is national as well as public—but we think it would highly become other institutions, which are supported by subscription, to adopt some similar system. Most of them are more easy of access than the Museum, but still quite little enough to keep out all strangers to London who might wish to visit them. These latter, perhaps, might fairly lay down some regulations, to prevent constant benefit being derived from their collections without any

contribution. If any one evinced a disposition to become a *chronic* visitor, it should be hinted to him that the situation of subscriber would become him better. But this does not apply to the British Museum; and we confess we have often thought with pain upon what the ideas of foreigners must be of our practices in these matters.

Our correspondent concludes his letter with a very few words on *French* politics—we wish he had sent us a few more of *them* :—

“I have not left myself any space to speak of French politics. I may mention, however, that M. Chateaubriand is stated to have obtained leave to return from Rome to Paris; whether to remain or not is unknown, but all idea of his being the new foreign Minister is, I hear, abandoned. Prince Polignac's speech has satisfied some and dissatisfied others; an effect by no means uncommon in politics as in other matters. I really think he is honest after all. The policy of liberality has decidedly gained much strength in France lately. The law relating to the communes, which you, doubtless, have seen, placing the election of mayors and other officers more immediately in the hands of the people, cannot fail to strengthen the liberal party, and has given general satisfaction to the country.”

25th. *Mode of obtaining Signatures to Anti-Catholic Petitions.* The following is taken from Mr. Pendarves' admirable speech last night, on the subject of the Anti-Catholic petitions, from some places in Cornwall. He reads it from a letter he had received from a magistrate of that county, for which Mr. Pendarves is member.—“To give you an idea how eagerly signatures have been caught at, I cannot refrain from mentioning a circumstance which came within my own knowledge, and for the truth of which I can vouch. Two men were brought before me, as a magistrate, for turnip-stealing, which they had been doing on a large scale, and were convicted on the clearest evidence. The case was heard in the attorney's office who acts as the clerk to the magistrates of this division, by whom the anti-Catholic petition was prepared: and these two men *were solicited, and actually signed the petition immediately after their conviction.*” (Loud laughter, and cries of “Hear.”)

This is admirable. The suspicions which have been lately prevalent concerning the mode in which these signatures have been procured, must now amount to *conviction*.

Every thing must seem an anti-climax after this—but we cannot resist giving, from Mr. Pendarves' speech, one or two more instances of how these petitions were signed.

“He had now a few words to say upon the mode in which signatures to those petitions had been obtained. At Bodmin, while the sessions were being held, the bellman was sent round the town to call the people to sign the anti-Catholic petition, and he had no doubt that every person of the county who happened to be then in the town, and who was opposed to the Catholic claims, signed the Bodmin petition. (Hear.) Another mode was the diffusion of inflammatory pamphlets, one of which, the most infamous and disgraceful he had ever seen, he then held in his hand. It was called “Look about you;” and at the head of it was a picture representing the Catholics of Ireland

burning a number of Protestants. (Hear, hear.) At Truro, the table at which the petitions were signed was covered with these pamphlets. (Hear, hear.) Nor was this all;—pictures professing to represent scenes in Queen Mary's days—the burning and torturing of Protestants by the Catholics—were also put into the hands of the people. These pictures were furnished, he understood, by a Pater-noster-row Society (loud cries of "hear"), and by them sent into the country. These pictures, together with Lord Winchilsea's letter (hear, and a laugh), were distributed about at Launceston.

Mr. Pendarves also gives one or two very instructive anecdotes about the manner in which some of these petitions were got up. "At Penzance," he says, "only one day's notice of the meeting was given, and the mayor positively refused to put the petition to the vote, because he knew there was a majority against it. (Loud cries of "Hear.") At Launceston, the meeting was exclusive: those only were summoned who were known to be opposed to the Catholic claims, and many of his friends who went to it were told that it was not a meeting called for the purpose of discussion. (Hear, hear.) At Truro the meeting was under the direction of a noble lord who possessed great influence in the neighbourhood, and the day fixed upon for the meeting was that of the opening of the sessions at Bodmin, at which all the magistrates and professional men of Truro were obliged to attend (hear, hear), so that little opposition to the petition could be expected. Another meeting was advertised for the following Tuesday, at which there were present one farmer, two clergymen, the vicar, and his curate. (Hear, and a laugh.) After waiting for some time, and no one else coming, the two clergymen signed the petition, and went away. (Hear.) Another meeting was held at Newlyn, at which there were present only four persons. (Hear.) Now what could be thought of the unanimity of the people of Cornwall, which they had been told of, on this subject? There was doubtless unanimity between the two clergymen (hear, and laughter,) but there was nothing of the sort generally."

The gentlemen who call the meeting to be "all one side," remind us of a meeting in the city during the queen's business, where the first resolution was, "Resolved, that there be no discussion." Truly it is a pretty way to judge whether the majority of the inhabitants of Launceston be for or against emancipation, when you will let no one who is for it come to the meeting.

It seems that these doings are not confined to Cornwall. The Duke of Sussex, in animadverting last night upon a petition from Bristol, says, that he thinks "it right to state, that he had been informed that whole schools were sent up to sign this petition; that the utmost exertions were made to induce individuals of all descriptions to come forward; and that placards were exhibited of so extraordinary a nature, that he would not disgust the ears of their lordships by alluding more particularly to them. Some of those placards he had seen, and he understood that steps were taken to prosecute the printer and publisher of them. Besides, he was informed that several persons had over and over again signed the same petition; and he possessed, in his pocket, a letter from an individual who witnessed persons at the Guildhall, where there were three tables, going and

signing their names at each table. He stated these facts, because it ought to be known how the names to this petition had been procured.

Such statements made on such authority, with regard to different places, tend to throw no very good odour on the tactics by which these petitions are got up. With regard to the placards which are alluded to, we believe them to be carried to an excess which we can well understand prevented his Royal Highness from doing more than merely alluding to those of which he spoke. We have not ourselves seen any, for such things have scarcely at all been posted up in London. We have heard of some on Saffron-hill!

Above all, it is to be remarked that the Anti-catholics have not been able to get up any meeting in the metropolis—for we will not be so uncandid as to designate as the meeting of a party, in which there are certainly many eminent names, that assemblage which took place at the Crown and Anchor, some short time back, altogether got up by persons wholly unknown, and the character of which may be estimated by the fact that the first resolution given from the chair,—“That the Constitution is in danger,” was beaten by an amendment moved by Hunt substituting the word *tithes* for Constitution, by a great majority. And this is the only meeting that has been held in the metropolis against Catholic Emancipation!”—No, no—the days of No Popery in London are passed for ever!

27th. A meeting of the Common Council of London took place yesterday, at which a petition in favour of Emancipation was carried by a majority of very nearly two to one (105 to 54). We thought we did not over-rate the feeling of London.

NOTES ON ART—THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

LOOKING to the posts of honour and distinction in the British Gallery, and comparing the works of lofty pretension now filling the principal places with the productions of a similar class which figured in the same situations last year, there can be no doubt that the parallel is in favour of the exhibition of 1828. Not that we mean to represent the decline as striking enough to have required notice in His Majesty's gracious Speech on opening the Imperial Parliament! But still it is striking.

In the place of the “Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family to Pope Pius VII.,” painted by J. P. DAVIS, a picture of more than ordinary power and effect, is now hung the “Adoration of the Shepherds,” by MR. NORTHCOTE, a respectable work from an octogenarian, bespeaking, indeed, a cultivated taste but a feeble hand, and certainly not in any wise comparable with the painting to which it has succeeded. The post of “Hilton's Amphitrite,” a successful display of poetical invention and pictorial skill, is occupied this year by MR. JONES' “Battle of St. Vincent,” a popular and attractive subject it must be conceded, and the representation of a most noble and gallant exploit; but as a work of art entitled only to very qualified commendation, and open to much just animadversion. The substi-

tute for "Fort Rouge, Calais," by STANFIELD, a most spirited production, by an artist completely master of the subject and of his pencil, is the "George III. and Lord Howe" of MR. BRIGGS, a picture superior in pretensions to its predecessor, but much below it in merit, remarkable, indeed, for its insipidity, and as an instance in which a clever artist has been cramped and overpowered by a subject out of his line. There are few either who will place the single figure of MR. PARTRIDGE'S "Satan," in respect to its general importance as a work of art, on a level with the "Judith and Holofernes" of MR. ETTY. Last year, likewise, the gallery possessed a real treasure, from a foreign contributor, in the much-admired picture, "the Execution of Marino Faliero," by DELACROIX, the place of which is now occupied by a "fruit-piece," by MR. LANCE. Lastly, besides minor works by the deservedly-lamented BONNINGTON, we had last year his splendid picture of the "Ducal Palace of Venice."

On the other hand, the collection of 1829 possesses two valuable works from the pencil of DANBY, who on the former occasion was not an exhibitor.

From this view of the progress of the art during the year, we proceed to the notice of a few of the pictures now in the gallery which most attracted our attention. In so doing we have to regret that the want of space enjoins such numerous exclusions, and beg leave to protest, most earnestly, against being supposed to pass any judgment by our silence.

No. 1. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A. The frequent treatment of this subject by some of the most powerful pencils ever exercised in the art, forms the ground of a comparison disadvantageous to almost any artist. To this account, perhaps, as much as to the age of the painter, is to be ascribed the perception of a want of vigour in this picture. The "Madonna" is deficient in elevation of style. MR. NORTHCOTE'S "Virgin Mary" has much more the character of an amiable English grand-daughter, escaped unsophisticated from the trainings of governesses, regarding with kindred affection a sister's first-born, than that of the mother of the Saviour.

Nos. 62 and 156 are works painted by commission from the British Institution, to be presented to the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, and the merit of the antecedent works of the two artists charged with their execution, amply justify the choice made by the directors of the objects of their patronage and encouragement. The former is by G. JONES, R. A., and represents an incident in the battle of St. Vincent, the Capture of the San Josef by Nelson, who led his men to board her from the San Nicolas which he had taken, and which lay between his own ship (the Captain) and the San Josef. The time of action is the moment when the English alight on the deck of the enemy's ship with impetuosity so overpowering, that the Spanish captain on the quarter deck seeing resistance hopeless, by tendering his sword and raising his hat gives signal of submission. Lord Nelson is a conspicuous figure in the picture, but he can scarcely be said to be foremost in the fray. He is dressed in full

uniform, such as he would have worn at a levee ;—the whole drapery without a spot—the figure undisordered and unbesmeared by tar or chain-rust, powder or smoke. Had Nelson danced across the broad crowded deck of the *San Nicolas*, or had he passed it combating against a host of enemies ? or had the hero of the Nile gone below to dandify between the capture of the one ship and the assault of the other ? In other parts of Mr. Jones' picture there is much bustle and activity, and considerable power of colour.

The subject of the companion commission, No 156, is "George III. after the victory of the 1st June 1794, presenting Lord Howe with a sword," H. P. BRIGGS, A.R.A. The scene is laid on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte* off Spithead, and the King is attended by his Consort and Court. This picture is lamentably deficient both in general and individual expression. The personages want character and dignity, the royal pair are the most tame, stiff, and unmeaning figures conceivable ;—that of Lord Howe with a head somewhat less insignificant, exceeds all in awkwardness. The colouring in general wants depth and power ; and the production altogether must be regarded as a disappointment to the admirers of Mr. Briggs' former works. Here and there a head presents itself invested both with character and expression, and in several parts of the picture may be traced the strokes of an elegant and fanciful pencil sufficiently marked to encourage the hope that, the commission finished, Mr Briggs will resume with undiminished success the line of art which the bent of his talent would lead him to follow, and which he has hitherto so happily pursued.

MR. DANBY'S productions in point of size rank below any we have yet noticed. They are of equal dimensions. 3ft. 8in. in height, and 4ft. 7in. wide. Their subjects are "The Moon rising over a wild mountainous country," No 56, and "Sunset," No 67. Both works bear testimony to the high poetical imagination of the artist. In the former, the moon full orb'd rises over the rugged heights of a mountain chain ; and the valleys and defiles, the sharp-edged ridges, and the pinnacled summits, the rude rocks, the waterfalls now precipitous—now more gently gliding downward, are perceived dimly however, and in mysterious obscurity beneath her pale light. The stars are not yet eclipsed by the perfect brightness of our satellite. A volcano in the distance equalling in height the surrounding mountain summits, throws its flame uprightly towards the sky with a tranquillity finely in harmony with the rest of the picture. This is the most successful attempt to give a pictorial representation of moonlight we ever remember to have seen. In No. 67, a gorgeous 'sunset' throws its deep tints on a bank of clouds collected on the horizon, and on the ocean already freshened by the evening breeze. On the bosom of that ocean floats a gorgeous ancient galley, its gilded prow rendered doubly golden by reflecting the rays of the setting luminary. A pair of lovers in oriental costume are seated on the sandy beach, contemplating the glorious spectacle, in position and attitude full of sentiment, and participating in the loveliness and harmony of the scene before them. It is a picture which we have derived real delight from regarding. It improves by being dwelt on by those whom, at the first glance, it may not have captivated.

Of the visitors of the fair sex who aid in making the gallery so delightful a lounge, we observe that few venture to give more than a glance at Mr. ETTY's "Subject from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." What is not proper to be seen, we apprehend it would not be quite correct to describe. The style is perfectly in character with the *petit-soupe* cabinet of some splendid voluptuary; but it is not a fit subject for public exhibition. We would not be understood to censure this picture on the score of its nudity: we love art too well to raise any such objection. What we complain of is, the absence of the degree of refinement of form necessary to divest this subject of whatever grossness may attach to its representation—a refinement essential in a work of art, professing, as all works of art should do, to gratify the intellectual, and not the sensual faculties. We willingly confess, however, that we have seen former works of Mr. ETTY even more amenable to such animadversions as these, than his "Hermaphroditus and Salmacis"; but he is still wanting in that refinement which constitutes the perfection of many of the old masters, and especially of Greek sculpture.

The Gallery contains some single figures well deserving notice. Mr. PARTRIDGE's "Satan," No. 472, which is hung at the end of the south room, represents the enemy of man when, having assumed the form of a beautiful angel to deceive Uriel, he alights on Mount Niphates, where his evil passions, which are excited in regarding the sun, betray him to the angel. The figure is in the act of addressing the sun, the left hand uplifted as towards the luminary, the right hand grasping a spear, the left leg stepping forward. The picture is elaborately painted, of rich and mellow tone; the figure is simple and grand, and in form calls to mind the wonder of the Vatican. Perhaps it is open to the objection of being somewhat studied.

"The Native of Missolonghi, painted at Rome," No. 155, J. HOLINS, is a very attractive picture. It represents a single female figure, which, we conclude, is a portrait, reclining on an ottoman, in the splendid costume of her country. The head is extremely beautiful, the features perfectly regular, eyes large and dark, black tresses falling over the shoulder from below a splendid turban and red coif tasseled. The expression is characteristic of a female who must have passed a youth amidst horrors, and become in some measure inured to them. It presents a remarkable mixture, unknown in countries not accustomed to scenes of public trouble and atrocity, of feminine softness, passion, and fierceness. The colouring is exceedingly rich.

Mr. PICKERSGILL's "Hookah Bearer," No. 78, is a black slave, treated in most masterly style. "Cottage Children going to bed," No. 51, Sir WM. BREECHY, is a delightful domestic subject, painted, it is said, some years since, and treated with great simplicity of feeling, most artist-like effect, and with very agreeable tone. "Scene on the Coast of Kent," No. 22, W. COLLINS, R.A., is a very clever picture, but not altogether a very agreeable one. Mr. EDWIN LANDSEER shines as usual in his animal pieces. His "Deer Stalking," "Conversazione," (of dogs)—"Faithful Dog," (a terrier over the grave of his Master,) "Dead Deer,"—are treated in the accustomed clever man-

ner of that successful artist. Mr. CONSTABLE has one or two spirited landscapes, and such as would excite much admiration, were it not for the mannered and spotty whiteness which disfigures them. No. 58, a "Turk," by the deceased BONNINGTON, is a delightful *morceau*, purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence. "The Hall of Cedric, Ivanhoe," Jos. WEST, is another clever little picture, evincing (perhaps too much evincing) a diligent study of the ancient masters. Mr. NEWTON's contributions are, as they never fail to be, delightful productions. Mr. BOADEN's "Old Lady" is clever. His "Lavinia" is in a very different style, but clever also. The characteristic of the soft blue eye is very happily expressed—the melting mouth somewhat approaches the extravagant. Hayter, Nasmyth, Webster, Dearman, Linnell, and Fraser, with a long list of artists whose works, we regret, it is not in our power to do justice to, have contributed largely to the interest of the exhibition. We perceive no remarkable departure from their usual respective characteristics, either in style or degree of merit. We rejoice to perceive, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere which has generally prevailed since the opening of the exhibition, that purchasers abound.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. XII.

We have several arrears to discharge (debts of honour) to the authors or publishers of very meritorious works, which have been for several months on our table. We will begin with some of these, without a word of preface :—

THE CASTILIAN*.

In selecting the 'stirring times' of Alfonso XI. and Pedro el Cruel, Kings of Castile, for the subject of an historical romance, it will at once be seen that the author of the "Castilian" has resorted to no unproductive quarry for his materials. The period is indeed most fertile in incident, and in incident of deep, and often of tragic interest. It presents us a King discarding the mother of his legitimate offspring for a mistress, who, in a second family, has perpetuated sources of strife and disaster to the royal house, and of distraction and trouble to the unhappy country cursed by its rule—a successor making the first use of his power to avenge the mother's cause on her ancient rival, and on the innocent issue of the unhallowed intercourse; yet blind to example and reckless of consequences, treading in the steps of his parent, and treating a new-married consort of powerful connexions with contumely and neglect, in deference to another's charms—a tyrant disgusting, by violent and arbitrary sallies of temper the powerful of his kingdom—alienating his grandees by his rude austerity, and offending the clergy by his contempt of their ceremonies,—while he is deprived by the artful wiles of a grasping and

* The Castilian. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío. 3 Vols.

ambitious priesthood, working on the superstitious propensities of the vulgar, of the attachment of the people whose real interests were alone united with his. Hence conspiracies, popular tumults and atrocities, open rebellions, civil wars, foreign aids in which the chivalry of Christendom, knights rivals in prowess as by nation, arrange themselves on the respective sides, battles in which the leaders of the contending armies are brothers, the combatants compatriots and kinsfolk, victories, reverses, crowns lost and won, imprisonment, escapes, treacheries, deaths in the field, and on the scaffold, and struggles in which brothers are the personal and sole combatants, and finally—fratricide.

Such are the outlines of the picture of the epoch to which we have alluded. Accessories well suited to fill up such a composition, spring naturally from the leading circumstances.

A portion only of this history, however, has been adopted by the author of the 'Castilian,' for the materials of the romance before us,—the second composed by him in the language of a people among whom he has been driven to seek an asylum from disasters which, in an age of general civilization, render his own country the scene of atrocities, but little if at all inferior in horror to those by which it was desolated in the times of general barbarity, which he has undertaken to portray.

The more particular period at which the story of the Castilian commences, is that when Pedro the Cruel, seeks, as a fugitive, the court of Edward the Black Prince, at Guienne, to supplicate the aid of that celebrated hero, and of the English knights, his attendants, to reseat him on the throne of Castile. At that time, death had already removed from him his Queen, Blanche de Bourbon, whose injuries formed the pretext of the rebellion that had dethroned him, and had also deprived him of his adored and haughty mistress, Maria de Padilla. He had been, moreover, defeated by his insurgent subjects headed by his natural brother, Enrique de Trastamara, now about to assume the crown. The cause of Don Pedro is espoused with eagerness by Edward and his knights. The Black Prince marches into Spain, and at the battle of Najara, with far inferior numbers, gives a complete overthrow to Trastamara, and the French knights his adherents under the banners of the famous Bernard Duguesclin.

Pedro, again on the throne, regardless of the engagements which the instances of his noble ally had extorted from him, instead of conciliating his subjects, imposes but a feeble restraint on his tyrannical temper, and betrays the reluctance with which he abstains from wreaking his vengeful and unassuaged wrath on those who had been his enemies. In spite even of the services rendered him by the English, and of a marriage solemnized between the Duke of Lancaster and his daughter, he soon becomes impatient of their presence, disgusts the Black Prince by his ingratitude, and outrages his own most faithful adherents. Fresh conspiracies are the natural consequence. Enrique de Trastramara, with his French allies, again appears in the field at the head of an army of malcontents. A second civil war ensues. Pedro, no longer succoured by the English, is defeated in every rencontre, and besieged in a fated castle, and is

at length decoyed to the tent of Duguesclin, where he is personally assailed by his brother. A single-handed contest takes place in the tent of the French chief. In this strife Don Pedro would have come off victorious and have overpowered his rival, but for the unknighly interference of one of the Frenchmen, spectators of the struggle, who, when the combatants were down, and the King uppermost, with the assent of Duguesclin, whose treachery was then consummated in spite of his reservation, "that he neither marred nor made kings," lent a hand to reverse their position. Trastamara, without delay, availed himself of his advantage, by plunging a dagger to the heart of his brother.

Much of the interest of the story depends on the character and adventures of Don Ferran de Castro, the *Castilian*, a knight of high principles and untarnished honour, and, on that account, with a zeal somewhat mistaken, a faithful adherent of Pedro through all his misfortunes, and under the most trying circumstances—in spite even of personal outrages the most irritating. Don Ferran is betrothed to a high-minded lady, who returns his attachment with a fond devotion, being bound by the firmest of all ties by which the heart of a virtuous woman is to be held—the admiration of her lover's character. Don Ferran has a rival in the opposite party, a man by no means to be despised, either on account of the claim which a former intimacy with Costanza gives him to her hand, or of his personal qualifications, or the power with which the success in arms of the party he had espoused had invested him. The ungrateful king also becomes enamoured of the charms of the noble lady, and thwarts the desires of his over-faithful attendant. The division of motive engendered by these circumstances in the conduct of the Castilian, his resolute fidelity to his sovereign, and his anxiety for the possession and safety of his bride, through all the perils by which they are affected, afford an opportunity which has not been neglected for heightening the interest of the tale.

The work indeed is highly creditable to the talents of the author, who has produced a very interesting romance. The outline is well designed, and the details are filled in both with spirit and judgment. The incidents, although sufficiently romantic to be deeply interesting, are, at the same time, never improbable; and if the descriptions and characters want, in some degree, the vigorous delineation, the forcible portraiture, the warmth and glow of colouring from which we have been so long accustomed to receive with delight, and which have spoiled us in a measure for the enjoyment of historical romances from any pen but one, allowances are to be made for the fact that the author does not write in his native tongue. Regarded, indeed, merely as a work in the English language, by a foreigner, "*The Castilian*" is a very remarkable performance.

The rare production of a work in the English language by a Spaniard (perhaps the best example of the command of English style by a foreigner, if we except the "*Italy*" of M. Vieusseux), naturally leads us to glance at the foreign talent now directed in this metropolis to literary undertakings. A pretty little French journal claims our attention:—

LE FURET DE LONDRES.

The appearance on our table of a series of this periodical, in the form of a volume, purporting to be the third since the commencement of the publication, will be received, we doubt not, as a fair excuse for reminding our readers of its existence. We hesitate the less in noticing a work which, in its original form, is merely a weekly paper, from the persuasion we entertain of the great advantage to the students of a foreign tongue, of the practice of resorting to journals and other ephemeral publications for their reading. Treating, as these do, of subjects of every-day occurrence and of the events of ordinary life, they afford facilities for acquiring speedily, and with little labour, the familiar terms of conversation—which facilities are not to be derived from the perusal of books in general, not even of the productions of the stage. Actual intercourse with native foreigners alone has the advantage over the habit we recommend. On this account, as on many others, we lament the difficulties thrown in the way of such publications by the operation of our stamp duties, and other anomalous regulations, by which the press in England is affected, and which in foreign, not less than in English, publications, have a tendency to check the growth of what is good and improving, if it happen to be connected in any way with intelligence or politics; while they fall almost innocuous on publications which pander to the lowest and coarsest tastes. It is clear that the readers of a publication in a foreign language must, under any circumstances, be small; and that, in order to make any return whatever to those who risk in it their capital or bestow on it their labour, it should embrace every class of information without a single exception. To exclude, therefore, articles of intelligence, or even political discussion, is to deprive them of what would be of one of their greatest recommendations; since it cannot be denied that, much as we owe to our daily journals, they afford us very imperfect records of the details, often highly interesting, of the transactions of foreign states. A well-conducted French paper, published in London, which should confine itself to imparting continental intelligence, is still a desideratum. The want, no doubt, would not long continue, but that the Stamp Act would step in to swallow up not the profits alone, but even the gross receipts. The "Furet de Londres" is as an agreeable substitute, as under all the disadvantageous circumstances can be expected. It is light and amusing, devoted principally to notices of the theatres and the opera, interspersed with diverting anecdotes, calembourgs, &c. &c.; but sometimes launching forth into the wide waters of criticism, and giving notices of literary and even scientific productions. It is very well calculated for the purpose, which, as we have hinted above, such publications might be well made to serve, namely, that of facilitating the acquisition of the French language.

While on the subject of journals in foreign languages, we are led to notice another, which, to use a phrase familiar in parliamentary language, has "caught the eye" of the Editor. The foreign postman has just placed on our table "The Hamburg Reporter," a journal in English, published in Hamburg twice a week—and which, to

judge from the Number of the specimen before us (103, Feb. 17), must have been in existence about a year. Casting a glance over its contents, which are, of course, miscellaneous, embracing every sort of topic and subject, we perceive one short article, which invites us to transcribe it, as having claims both to general and particular interest; and being a matter of scientific importance, as such it ought to have found a place in our Journal of Facts:—

“**THE THEATRE.**—A just subject of complaint among the visitors to the Hamburg theatre, has for a long time been the very imperfect manner in which the house has been warmed, and more particularly the disagreeable current of air which was felt on the rising of the curtain. The effect of this has been most severely felt during the course of the present season, when the cold has been as low as 17° Réaumur (6° below zero Fahrenheit); but the recurrence of any similar subject of complaint seems likely to be effectually prevented for the future. By means of an ingenious apparatus, invented by Mr. Sylvester, of London, and applied by Mr. Stedman Whitwell, an English engineer, whose name the present arrangement is likely to introduce in a very favourable manner in Germany, the whole of the interior of the theatre, comprising a space of nearly a million of cubic feet, was yesterday evening effectually maintained at a temperature of from 10 to 15° Réaumur (55 to 66° Fahrenheit), and the current of air so justly complained of, completely disappeared. This is the first time, we believe, that a similar achievement has been effected in any country; and so far from any danger of fire being connected with the arrangement, an additional security has been effected; for the temperature at which the interior of the house will constantly be kept, will prevent the possibility, even in the severest winter, of the reservoirs and water-pipes freezing, as has already been repeatedly the case in the course of the present season. The strictest inquiries of the police have been made to ascertain the perfect safety of the apparatus; and it was only after a satisfactory result had been obtained to these inquiries, that its present application was authorized.”

The performance of French plays in London must have a considerable influence in promoting the acquisition of the French language and literature; and in this respect particularly, we have to thank M. Gombert for the publication of “*The French Drama.*” The best plays of Racine, Corneille, and Moliere, may now be had separately, with excellent notes on the phraseology of the French language, and the English interpretation of the different passages. Besides schools (for which this publication is chiefly intended), the frequenters of the French theatre will find it extremely useful whenever any of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that stage, above mentioned, are performed.

BERNAYS' GERMAN POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

This is a book, by a foreigner, that will well bear to be recommended. In the first place, a good publication of the kind was wanted by the students of German language and literature, the number of whom, as we believe, is fast increasing amongst us,

although the proportion of those who judge and talk of the latter, from translated works, is still far too great. The collection consists of Odes and other short pieces of almost every description of metrical composition in the German tongue. These are prefaced by a short, but instructive outline, of the history of German poetry; and with brief notices of the authors from whose pages the compiler has made his extracts. The selections, as well as regards the merit in composition, as attention to the choice of pieces calculated for readers of all ages, have been made with great judgment. The arrangement of the pieces according to the scale of their increasing difficulty, if it pretend not to the praise of novelty, deserves, at any rate, to be commended for its utility.

From foreign books we naturally turn to foreign lands. Were we about to start on a tour to the countries of classical recollections (and can we help envying the man engaged in preparing for such an undertaking?), we should certainly take the dimensions, in length and breadth, of the *ETON COMPARATIVE ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY*, by Arrowsmith, to our trunk-maker. It is a most admirable article in the equipment of a traveller; and we are only astonished how such a work can have been dispensed with for such a length of time since "the Continent has been opened." Like most other modest works, this also abounds in merit. While it professes to be for the use of the Eton School, the greatest explorer in or out of the Travellers' Club (against which, by-the-bye, complaints of dandy propensities have been loud and deep for some time past) might derive instruction from it. The work contains twenty-six pair of comparative maps (the one ancient, and the other modern, of each pair), and a single map of the Western Hemisphere. The latest discoveries, and the best-substantiated opinions, have been adopted; the delineation and etching are remarkable for their clearness and beauty. The Atlas itself, moreover, is of the exact size which admits of its combining portability with the greatest distinctness; the maps given most in detail—the most interesting, those of Greece and Italy, are so given—are on a scale varying, in different plates, between twelve and twenty geographical miles to the inch. For the exercise of learners, a set of blank maps, in outline, to be filled in by the student, accompanies the Atlas.

We often hear it said that there is no encouragement to the aspirants in the walks of poetry—that the public will not purchase the commodity—that booksellers turn up their noses at two thousand lines, as if there were no mind and oil expended on their production. We know not how this matter is; but, certainly, if the demand be small there is no falling off in the supply. We have ten goodly volumes of verse at this moment on our table. Mr. Bayly has printed "*Fifty Lyrical Ballads*," and we are indebted to him for a private copy. We could add nothing to their popularity by reprinting any one of these agreeable productions. "*The Harp of Inisfail*," dedicated to Mr. O'Connell, must be a very satisfactory production to the friends of the harper. "*The Sorrows of Rosalie*" have been praised to the echo, and they deserve it for the beauty of some of the

lines; the story might have been better chosen. "Scenes of War" are not very striking—yet quite enough so to make us sick of war. The author, in one of his minor poems, says "there's nothing true but love." That is a mistake. It is true that war is the most stupid and brutal propensity of civilized man. "Montmorency" is a tragic drama—"the first of a series." The dialogue is conducted in the following succinct and explicit manner:—

Chat. By whom were these reports?

Gas. A friend from Paris.

'The heroic lines, too, are of this fashion:—

"I stir him to some deed of perdition."

The "Dews of Castalie" are full of sighs and tears, put together in the most enlivening and natural manner in the world. For instance:

THE HARP OF TEARS.

Love, once on a time, with Sorrow his bride
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.

Oh! the golden chords had a *soul* before,
But the warm drop gave them a *heart* beside;
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more
Ever since it was wet by his tearful bride.

"The Opening of the Sixth Seal," and "Poetical Sketches from the Historical Books of the Old Testament," are poems on Sacred Subjects, of which, as it appears to us, the success might have been as safely predicated, as of Mr. Montgomery's "Omnipresence."—"Belgic Pastorals," by Francis Glasse, Esq., is a glorious book. How shall we repay Mr. G. for the delight he has afforded us! The truth, the nature of the poem, constitute its great charm. The Belgic shepherds talk as charmingly as the shepherds of most pastorals; and really they are most innocent and virtuous personages. The very arguments of the pastorals (turn to that of the fifth as a specimen) share the beautiful simplicity that pervades the whole work.

The smaller poems of Mr. Glasse's collection are equally interesting:

SONG.

When I muse on the sweet rural life,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd;
My heart grows quite sick, at the strife
I find that I cannot avoid.

For mixt with the crowd, I in vain,
Those innocent pleasures do seek;
Which heav'n bestows on the swain,
Who's honest, contented, and meek.

He knows not the world, yet is blest,
Nor envy, nor strife, stings his heart;
Ah! none at a court feel such rest,
As fate to this swain does impart.

I'm rich, and I'm envy'd, 'tis true;
For princes their favours do show;
Alas! but thro' life, I shall rue
The day, that a court I first knew.

If fate will those pleasures restore,
Which I, in my boyhood enjoy'd,
The country I'll never quit more,
'Tis princes and courts I'll avoid!

Who would trouble "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall" after this.—Mr. Glasse is not, however, uniformly excellent. He has condescended to copy inferior authors, instead of drawing upon the richness of his own original thoughts, and most felicitous modes of expression. For example:—

"Silence is the best of lovers,
Be my love by actions known;
*In my eyes you'll best discover
All the influence of your own.*"

The words in Italics are in Voltaire's Lines to Lady Hervey. How easy is it to perceive the difference between such hackneyed scribblers as Voltaire, and fresh and vigorous poets, such as Mr. Glasse—But we turn to more sober matters.—

A SECOND JUDGMENT OF BABYLON THE GREAT.

The celebrity of the first series of this work, under the title of "Babylon the Great, or Men and Things in the British Capital," relieves us of the necessity of furnishing the present volumes with a formal introduction to our readers. Few of those readers, we think, will be so partial and unjust as to refuse the *cadet* (really a deserving stripling) a place at table with the *frère aîné*.—It cannot be denied that the family resemblance is strong, and from the topics on which both elder and younger delight to entertain their company, no less than the stern, serious, and inspiring manner in which they discuss the subjects on which they animadvert, it is evident that the minds of the two were cast in the same mould.

But to facts. The principal subjects which, in the two new volumes, fall under the lash of the satirist, if any picture so devoid of caricature and ridicule—so closely adhering to the truth—so faithful to the nature of the abuses held up to view in all their naked ugliness, can be called satire—are the following:—the operation of our law practices, whether in matters of civil process, or in criminal affairs, or in police transactions [Mr. Hume will do well to recommend the first chapter of the first volume of his countryman's second series of lucubrations to the attention of his hearers in the legislature]—the Babylonian system of banking, a monster of deformities—hells and theatres—Sunday occupations—[items all affording abundant matter for the censor]; and, lastly, three chapters of miscellaneous iniquities, in learned subdivisions of Iniquities Alpha, Iniquities Beta, and Iniquities Gamma [Iniquities Omega alas! we look for in vain].

With regard to the execution, we have already hinted at the severity of tone which pervades the work. The descriptions of the popular abuses and vices of our overgrown capital cannot be certainly termed lively; but they are just—they shock without going so far as to disgust—they excite abhorrence of the practices they expose

without so far mortifying as to cause us to turn from the mirror. The forte of the author is clearly that of dissertation rather than of description, and hence his work is less amusing than it might have been. This bent also leads him into occasional paradoxes, and hence in his resolution to keep the dark side of the picture ever before him, he sometimes draws conclusions not quite authorized by his premises. On the whole however, the work will be read with interest and in many respects is calculated to do much good. The observations on the state of the theatres we recommend to the serious attention of all whom it may concern—the lovers of the drama more especially.

The following is but too faithful a picture of a crying evil.

Unless the individual, or the party, engage a whole box, they may, for the whole evening, be compelled to hear language, and see gestures, which even ordinary delicacy cannot endure; and when the hour of half-price lets loose the thoughtless and untutored youth of the Babylon, the scene becomes loose beyond description. This half-price is, indeed, the grand curse of the theatres, the fertile cause of the profits of the depraved, both without and within the theatre. Giddy youths who have just left the comparative purity of the country, or shaken off the control of their parents, bands of persons who have quaffed themselves into a ripeness for being vicious, with those who hope to profit by these, throng into all parts of the house, and, by the irregularity of their conduct, sometimes render it altogether impossible to attend to the play. In some rare instances, when it proceeds to an outrageous height, the parties are turned out of the theatre, or taken into custody by the constables and officers; but in these cases, there is some danger that the cure shall be worse than the disease; for the ejection, or the capture, occasions a disturbance, the very thing which the thieves want, and they fail not to make use of it to the cost of the unsuspecting.

It would, perhaps, be illiberal to the public, and it would certainly be injurious to the treasuries of the theatres, as these establishments are now conducted, to abolish this cheap admission, at an hour, and for purposes, when, and for which, morality and good taste equally forbid admission; but, really, while it is continued, it would be too much to hope for any thing like a respectable drama, either as to audience, or as to acting. One cannot attend without being compelled to notice vice in the most broad, open, and unblushing character, apparently encouraged as a thriving and regular part of the establishment; and therefore it becomes impossible to think of the theatre, without associating with it this accompaniment. Nor can there be any doubt that this has caused the drama to be deserted by the really respectable part of the British nation; and this being the case, the managers have been compelled to lower the taste of the entertainments to that of the audience. Refined sentiment, elegant language, and chaste and graceful attitudes and gestures, would not be relished by the ladies of the saloons and the loungers in the lobbies. These have humours and tastes of their own; and as they are the "nature" to which "the mirror is held up," the mirror would be deserted if it did not show their own features.

They manage these things better in France. The whole continent, indeed, proves that decency of demeanor may be insisted on without undue infringement of the liberty of the subject. We choose the following extract as forcibly illustrating a subject of which we have before treated, and which cannot possibly go on long without reformation—that of crime and police:—

Notwithstanding the dismal stories of "holes in the wall," "pits in the pavement," and all the horrible things which appear so formidable in

ancient story, and of which the echoes have not yet entirely ceased, if I were to form my theory from my own observation, I should be very apt to say that a man cannot come by personal violence in the streets of Babylon, unless he, in some way or other, brings it upon himself. In making that "examination for myself," which first induced me to inflict these volumes upon the public, I was in all streets at all hours, an entire stranger, and with no more knowledge of the characters of the neighbourhoods, than what I could gather from their external appearance; and yet I never met with a threatening act, or an uncivil word, neither did I ever see one, who conducted himself in a proper manner, meet with either. Probably the alleged indifference of the guardians of the night to crimes of another description, may tend to lessen the number of wanton and malicious brawls in the streets. The persons who engage in these—unless when they are instigated as a cover for robbery, and then the instigators take care not to appear as principals—are generally heroes under the inspiration of nocturnal valour,—the persons who will compound with the watch when they cool, or who can pay when they come before his worship in the morning.

Still this good may be accompanied by a certain admixture of evil. The same current which makes the crowd race by the angry, must make them turn a deaf ear to the wounded in spirit. The desolation and misery that can find no relief and no sympathy, may harden into crime; and the passion that can find no pride in showing itself, may, like the sword of the hero before he went forth upon his exploits,

"Eat into itself, for lack

Of somebody to hew and hack;"

or, like the sting of the scorpion when he cannot escape from the fire that surrounds him, it may be changed from a weapon of defence to an instrument of death. Destitution, in the midst of undounded wealth; desolation, where every street is a crowd; the world around, and yet comfort from no lip, and pity from no eye; and the wound, by whatever inflicted, all the while working within, and rankling unheeded and unknown, these, singly or together, may be the cause of many of those droppings down from rectitude, or dashes out of life, that blacken the page of Babylonian story; and thus the desperation, the death, and especially the mental agony, may not be less, than if man strove with man, and the turbulence of passion fermented and bubbled over in the streets."

There is a somewhat sensible chapter on the Buildings of London, too didactic, but still smart and pithy.

The following passage will be received by the reader, favourably or otherwise, according to his previous impressions on such subjects:—

The first principle of rational architecture is adaptation to the climate, the situation, and the use; and if that be not attended to, all the rest goes for very little, or rather for a great deal the wrong way. A Grecian or a Roman temple may be a very beautiful thing in itself, though certainly it wants the magic sublimity of an Egyptian one; and it may have been the very best adapted for the climate, the situation, the costume, and the manners of those people. Still it by no means follows, that it, or any part of it, should be the acmé of perfection—the model after which all that can be received as ornament must be shaped, and besides which all is tasteless and vulgar. As the tastes of the inventors of these temples must have been produced by the circumstances under which they were placed, they must have been in harmony with all the other parts of the character both of the country and the people. If, then, the Babylonians are to be tied to them in one thing, congruity demands that they should be tied to them in every thing,—that is, every

thing that is mere art, or fashion, or fancy, and does not rest upon any scientific principles. Their language should be spoken, their dress worn, and all their customs restored: Kemble should spout from a cart; Southey sing ballads in the streets; Malthus live in a tub; the "black broth" drive away turtle from the Mansion-house; and (but, by the way, we are not very unlike them in that) the courts of law and equity should grope their way in the dark.

The open styles, the wide intercolumniations, the frosted mouldings, and all the appearances of the public architecture of the Greeks and Romans, impress one with ideas of a clear and dry atmosphere, and an unlimited command of stone in huge blocks; and therefore, they are out of keeping with the moist and acrid air of the Babylon, and the natural material, brick. The older style of this country, which those who prefer the importation, call *Gothic* in derision—though these same Goths were able to beat the inventors of the other—is much more in keeping with the climate and the materials of England. There is never the appearance of a vast pressure upon a straight lintel, or architrave, there; nay, when the best adapted curves are used, such as the logarithmic spiral in St. George's chapel at Windsor, there does not appear to be any pressure even upon the pillars,—the roof melts away from the pillar, just as the mass of foliage does from the bole of a tree, and you are no more apprehensive of the fall of the one than of the other. The grand difference between the two styles of architecture, leaving mere appearance out of the question, seems to be, that the Grecian and Roman is all mere art—an attempt to produce form, and leave the stability to the materials; while the other is scientific, depending less upon the natural mass or cohesion of the materials, than upon the skill with which they are put together. Hence the airy lightness of the parts of a Gothic structure; hence the binding and bearing of the mass; and hence not only their durability, but the ease with which any one stone in them can be replaced when it decays.

The mention of architecture leads us to notice, "A Catalogue of Books on the Fine and Useful Arts," just published, by Messrs. Priestley and Weale. This collection of books, on architectural subjects, is very extensive and valuable; and the catalogue is got up with a care that must render it highly useful to students in that department of art. The vignette frontispiece of the south entrance of Windsor Castle is very striking and beautiful.